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KETURAH-COLLINGS.

MRS. BROOKE.

16, N. Audley St., W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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THE ROYAL . . . AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

NOTHING could be more welcome than the news that the show at Lincoln has proved as great a success as was that at Derby last year. The Royal Agricultural Society in the days of its adversity met with a great deal of severe criticism, and it could not fairly be said that this criticism was altogether undeserved. The affairs of the society had come to be mismanaged. Those who had the direction of the exhibitions were not progressive in the right sense of the word. They kept doing the same things year after year, forgetful of the fact that the public who attend exhibitions were being educated to expect more than the Royal was giving them. Nor did they recognise the other great factor in the situation, namely, that important shows are now held by counties and other local bodies throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, so that the sight of the very best classes of livestock was no longer novel or uncommon. Thus the procession of winners devised in the dark ages for the entertainment of a crowd new to exhibitions of this kind lost some of its attractions. And bad management was not confined entirely to what pertained to the exhibition. The Royal Society did not hold its own purse-strings tightly. Unless such a great body has at its head a wise and firm organisation, it is almost certain that its funds will be lavishly distributed. Many things were done much more expensively by the society than was necessary. The consequence was that depression in its affairs which enlisted a considerable amount of sympathy and brought forth a still greater quantity of criticism.

But in its worst days the society was able to profit by its own experience, and it always retained through good times and

evil times the sympathy of the agricultural population. Its exhibition continued with all its faults to be one of which the whole nation was proud. There is not another country in the world in which such a show is possible. England is a land rich in flocks and herds, and no other land possesses anything approaching the variety of livestock that we have here. No other country, in fact, is able to export anything like the number of cattle and sheep that go from these islands. Foreign countries may produce one good specimen or be famous for one breed; but here we have a little of everything, and whether it be owing to the favourable nature of the climate or to the skill of our breeders, it is certain that English stock continues to take a leading place among that of the world. So much is this true that this country has been called the "stud farm of two hemispheres." Here, then, is material for a show such as no other country has at its disposal. Cattle, horses, sheep and pigs of the highest quality can be placed in the show-yard in what are practically illimitable numbers, and the Royal Show has continued through all the vicissitudes of fortune to be still regarded as the highest of its kind in Great Britain. The breeder may be highly pleased at winning a prize at his local show, or in some of those larger organisations which take in a greater area than a county, but he does not feel that the seal has been set upon his work till he has carried off a prize at the Royal. It represents the highest success that can be won in that particular line. It was, therefore, not without a good reason that certain of the most energetic and influential men in the agricultural world were called into counsel by the Royal Agricultural Society. They set about the business of reorganisation and reconstruction with skill and experience. First of all, a sound economy was introduced into the business affairs of the society, and care was taken when money was laid out that the best value was obtained for it. The expenditure, in other words, was very much curtailed, but the main thing lay in the steps that were taken to render the society more efficient.

Action, for this purpose, was taken in two separate directions. In the first place, energetic measures were adopted for the purpose of increasing the membership of the society. That, of course, was a wise measure, independently of the need that existed for a larger income, because it is of the first consequence that the Royal Society of England should number among its members all who have any direct and considerable interest in agriculture. If the great body of English farmers were enrolled, and, moreover, if after being enrolled power was given them to direct and manage the affairs of the society through their elected representatives, it was felt that prosperity must follow. The fault in the old time was that the responsibility of management was placed on the shoulders of a comparatively small number of men who were not in touch with a great majority of those connected with husbandry. They lived in a world of their own, and managed the affairs of the society much as if they assumed that it was not their business to go to the public, but that of the public to come to them. In a time like ours such a policy was bound to be fatal. Competition is keen everywhere, even in the matter of Agricultural Shows, and the public of the present day needs to be enticed and tempted. This was accomplished in great measure by the infusion of new blood. The other direction in which action was taken was in making the annual show more attractive. Those who visited Derby last year recognised at once that a different spirit prevailed in the management, and the result was found in an increased attendance on the part of the public. While we write, it is impossible to say that that very great success has been improved upon at Lincoln, but the prospects are extremely hopeful. The Agricultural Society has had at least one faithful adherent in King Edward VII., who often, at very considerable inconvenience to himself, has lent countenance to the exhibition. This year he undertook a long journey to Lincoln for the purpose of inspecting the cattle and other exhibits at the show. In the ring he is one of the most formidable competitors, sending animals both from Sandringham and Windsor. Were his example to be followed by all the great landed proprietors of the kingdom there would be no reason to despair of the future of the Royal Society.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Brooke. Mrs. Brooke is a daughter of Lord Arthur Hill, and her marriage to Mr. George Brooke, the son of Sir George Brooke of Castleknock, Dublin, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Tuesday last.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



WILLIAM COBBETT in his "Rural Rides" tells us that when he beheld the rich homesteads and the fat beeves of Lincolnshire he dropped on his knees and thanked God for having made such a county. Its principal town, therefore, is a highly suitable place in which to hold the show of the Royal Agricultural Society. It may be that some of the visitors this week were there in 1854, when the first show was held in the town. If so, they will be gratified by seeing to what proportions the exhibition has grown. There are nearly five times as many horses on show as there were then, six times as many cattle, twice as many sheep and about three times as many pigs. The exhibits of poultry have expanded from 295 to 826 and of produce from 25 to 572. It is a better show even than the one at Derby, which was so successful last year. The total number of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs number 2,576 as against 2,319, while both in poultry and produce Lincolnshire holds the superiority. That is only right and natural, for Lincolnshire is one of the most important agricultural counties in Great Britain. It long has been famed for its Shire horses and its red cows, while recently the farmers have been recovering some of that prosperity which they enjoyed previous to the disastrous year 1879.

On the important subject of municipal afforestation Mr. John Burns spoke quite sensibly to the representatives whom he and Lord Carrington met in the House of Lords committee rooms. He gave it as his opinion that we ought to produce in this country more than £3,000,000 worth of timber, and import less than £30,000,000 worth annually, and promised that the Local Government Board would co-operate with the Board of Agriculture in any practical work that might emerge from the consultations that are taking place. He emphasised the necessity of placing such schemes on a sound footing, and we are glad to see that he threw a certain amount of cold water upon the idea that afforestation could be used as a means of finding work for the unemployed. Forestry really requires skilled labour, and what is wanted even more than practical schemes is a national school of forestry where men will be trained to undertake it.

As was expected, the King repeated at Lincoln the triumphs that he had achieved in the earlier exhibitions of the year. His first prizes included a shorthorn bull, a shorthorn heifer and a Devon bull, while he received seconds for a Hereford bull and a Devon heifer. The Hon. E. Portman, Taunton, and Mr. E. C. Norrish, Crediton, produced the best Devons. Mr. F. F. Arnsworth of Hinckley was awarded the champion gold medal for the best Shire stallion. Messrs. Montgomery received a similar honour for Clydesdales, and other winners of championships were Mr. C. Adeane of Cambridge; Mr. Hughes, Leominster; Mr. J. G. Williams, Tring; Mr. E. Brady, Rudgwick, Sussex; Lord Winterton, Mr. R. Tait Robertson and Mr. Kenneth M. Clark.

The fact that the lawn tennis championship has gone to a New Zealand player will give further cause for a wail that has been raised by one or two writers recently about the supposed degeneracy of British sportsmen. The argument of those who take this view is that, one after another, all the championships have left England. A Frenchman has just won the championship at golf, a Belgian crew holds the Grand Challenge Cup, Russia has produced the greatest wrestler in the world and America the

most scientific boxers. Our football players were routed by the "All Blacks"; Australian cricketers no longer come to this country to learn the game, but are at least as good as those at home. Even our Universities do not maintain any supremacy in athletics over the students at Harvard and Yale, and in young Mr. Gould the Americans have a player at tennis who at present holds the title of the championship of the world. These appear to be dismal facts to such as imagine that England should be first in everything and the rest nowhere.

If we look at the case from another point of view, it is much more reassuring. After all, England has not been hopelessly beaten at any of the games alluded to. Without detracting in the slightest degree from the very high merits of Arnaud Massey, it is permissible to say that he certainly has established nothing more than a very slight superiority over Taylor; in fact, a superiority that means only two points in seventy-two holes is not superiority at all, and this country could easily place in the field half-a-dozen players who could hold their own with either the champion or the runner up, and a dozen who could give each of them a good game. It is the same with almost every other sport that may be mentioned. Out of the whole world a man can be picked here and picked there who may beat the best English player at the moment; but in almost every department of outdoor sport we have so many first-rate players that it is not boasting to say that if international games on a gigantic scale were established, English teams in every department would be able to hold their own, and probably win the rubber, against the world. While this is so, it is a little absurd to talk of the negligence or decay of English sportsmen simply because a trophy or two has been won either by foreigners or our own descendants from the Colonies. There is very much more reason for congratulating the winners on their success. If the young men of various countries can be brought together to play games in a friendly style, that fact in itself will do more towards the establishment of peace than ten thousand Hague Conferences.

THE HEDGE.

Dame Hedge has got her mantle green
With never a speck upon it,
Her ferny feet show flowers between,
Her arms are filled with nests unseen,
And a thrush sings in her bonnet.

All day she stands beside the lane,
Though dust or hail do pelt her,
She hides the mice in her bluebell train,
While birds and bats from storm and rain
Beneath her cloak find shelter.

She shields the lambs against the wind
And grants the children posies,
No thorns the gentle-handed find,
But she will scratch the fool unkind
Who tears her wreath of roses.

Soon, when the mushroom nights are there,
New coats the year will send her,
Leaves red and brown for autumn wear,
When birds and children come to share
Her berries black and tender.

No frost will ever strip her quite
Or leave her bones to shiver,
She'll fall asleep in a garment white
And dream at peace through winter's night
Of the joys that Spring shall give her.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

The agitation that is going on to compel dealers in eggs to mark on them the source of origin will shortly come before a conference. The question with us is whether this proceeding would not have the effect of inducing the purchasers to buy more foreign eggs than they do now. As a matter of fact, the English eggs are so very irregularly collected, and put on the market so carelessly, that they are often much inferior to those from France and Denmark. Indeed, many of the large organisations in the latter country already stamp their eggs in their own interest, and the only way in which eggs can be marketed to advantage is by placing on them the date and place at which they were laid. By the way, in regard to one matter the English producer wants some exhortation. A great number of poultry-keepers do not seem at all to recognise the advantage of keeping their eggs clean, and those of English origin can frequently be detected by the amount of pollution on the shells. In our opinion, there is much more to be done in the way of educating the English poultry-keeper than in marking foreign eggs.

Foretaste of the wonders to be displayed at Bruges during the Golden Fleece exhibition is given by the news of the arrival in the ancient city of the Duke of Alba's collection of books and

works of art relating to the Order, insured for a quarter of a million: and guarded by twelve of those tall halberdiers whose white facings and gaiters are so familiar in the palace precinct at Madrid. The long years have brought Bruges to a forgiving humour, or she would hardly welcome aught that comes to her in the name of Alba. The Duke, indeed, descends in the male line from James II. and plain Arabella Churchill, but on the other side he represents that ruthless captain whom the "Netherland's paternoster" addressed as "Our Devil, who in Brussels sits." Memories of old Alba still haunt that long, grave "Spaniards Street" at Bruges, and by the haunted bridge on the "Spaniards Quay" is a house in which, by tradition, that fearful man once had his lodging.

Bruges, light-hearted in her new-coming prosperity, should draw wanderers from all Europe during these pageant weeks. This brave showing of books, of armour and jewels and all manner of rare work will remind the town of her greatest days, before the Zwyn ran dry and before the madness of King Philip wasted the glorious cities of his inheritance. Here in Bruges did a wiser Philip found the Order of the Golden Fleece, next to the blue Garter the first of all orders of Christian knighthood. The fleece may stand for Gideon's fleece, an emblem of the Virgin; for Jason's fleece, a spurting memory for knights adventurous; but, above all, it stands for the woollen trade which made old Bruges rich beyond all her sister cities. In the church of Our Lady you may still see over the stalls in the choir the painted shields of the lords who sat there in chapter, with Charles the Bold at their head. First of them, above Croys, Crevecoeurs and Borseles, was "Edward, King of England and Lord of Ireland," and near him was Louis of Bruges, Lord of the Gruuthuus and Earl of Winchester, whose palace of the Gruuthuus, gloriously restored, will be the meeting-place of all voyagers to Bruges, some of whom may remember that this rich lord won his earldom by harbouring an English King in exile, having first saved him from pirates.

It is no more than a commonplace now to say that the age of both men and women has been prolonged, in our time, beyond the years reached in the days of our grand-parents; but the Registrar-General, in a report just issued, states the facts with a definiteness not previously attained. It appears from his study of statistics that the average woman lives three years longer than a man, and whereas in the middle of last century the average man died just on forty, by the last quarter of the century his days have been prolonged to forty-three, and between 1891 and 1900 to over forty-four. The age of women for the same period may be obtained by adding three years. It is interesting to know that in the healthy districts, the average man enjoys about eight years more of life, and so does the average woman. The healthiest counties arranged in order of merit are Rutland, Hunts, Bucks, Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Middlesex, Essex, London and Lancashire. All this must be very interesting to Professor Metschnikoff, whose later life has been devoted to showing that under favourable conditions a man should reach an age considerably greater than he does. The Psalmist gave three-score years and ten, but Professor Metschnikoff says there is no reason why old age should overtake a man till he is about 150. At our present rate of progress we are afraid many centuries must elapse before we attain to that length of days.

The importance of the figures given by the Registrar-General lies in the contradiction they offer to the statement so frequently made that the English race is degenerating. Possibly those pessimists who have arrived at this dismal conclusion have tried to generalise from a very partial survey of the facts. They concentrate their gaze upon the children of a slum or of a very unhealthy town and then speak as if this represented the whole of England. But the Registrar-General gets his conclusion in quite a different way. He has the facts from the whole of the country before him, and the average he arrives at is worked out on the broadest basis. Moreover, what he tells us is just what common-sense might have expected. During the last seventy years the people of this country have been taught and even forced to live in a more cleanly manner than their forefathers. Kitchen-middens have been removed from our villages, and systems of sanitation introduced into the towns, while the benefit from these reforms has been increased by the cheapness of food.

Two valuable additions have been made during the past few days to the collections at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The first of these is a remarkably fine male okapi, obtained on the Welle River, on the northern limits of the Independent Congo State. This appears to be a fully adult animal, and darker in colour than that presented recently by Major Powell-Cotton, and described in these columns. In the new specimen the horns are rather larger than in that to which we have just referred. The striping in the limbs also differs

somewhat, but it will probably be found that no two individuals are alike in this respect. So far, we believe, no European has succeeded in seeing an okapi alive. The animal which has just been added to the national collection was brought back and presented by Lieutenant Boyd-Alexander, the intrepid traveller, who, in command of the Alexander-Gosling expedition, crossed Africa on a voyage of discovery during 1903-7.

The second addition is the restored skeleton of a very remarkable extinct marsupial—the Diprotodon. This creature is really an enormous wombat, and carried a skull of some 3 ft. in length. These remains were obtained from the dry bed of Lake Callabona, South Australia; from which deposit—which belongs to the Pleistocene period—many other remarkable fossils have been obtained. This extraordinary animal was first described by Owen, and by him named Diprotodon ("two front teeth"), in allusion to the rabbit-like or wombat-like arrangement of the anterior cutting teeth or incisors. The grinding teeth, it may be remarked, are ridged much like those of a primitive elephant, such as *Dinotherium*. The toes are curiously short and stout, and bespeak a foot recalling that of a rhinoceros.

Any visitor possessed of a casual knowledge of the ways of birds, who happens to come to the seacoasts of Northumberland or the adjacent counties about this season, is likely to be struck with surprise at the large flocks of "black duck," as the natives call them, or scoters, which are to be seen on the sea at this time of year. As a rule the sea-birds are now collected in their nesting-places, either in pairs or in great colonies, according to their mode of life, and are not seen scattered generally about the coast. The scoters, however, are still in large flocks, as if the season were winter. Seeböhm, referring to the habit of these birds of going in flocks at the mouth of the Petchora, while some of their kind were nesting, conjectures that these packed birds were young of the previous year not yet adult enough for nesting. It is almost certainly the correct opinion, and is supported by all the fowlers on our North-eastern coasts, though Seeböhm did not seem to be aware that the birds might be found in flocks at the nesting-time far nearer home than the locality where he was observing them.

H O M E .

ARTER JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

Il en renx qui comme Ulysse a fait un beau voyage.

Happy, who like Ulysses from the sea
Or that great seeker of the fleece of gold
Returns in wisdom and experience old
And lives at home in wise tranquillity
Amongst his friends! Alas! when shall I see
My cottage smoke to that clear heaven rolled,
When shall the arms of home my sleep enfold,
Home that is more than all the world to me?

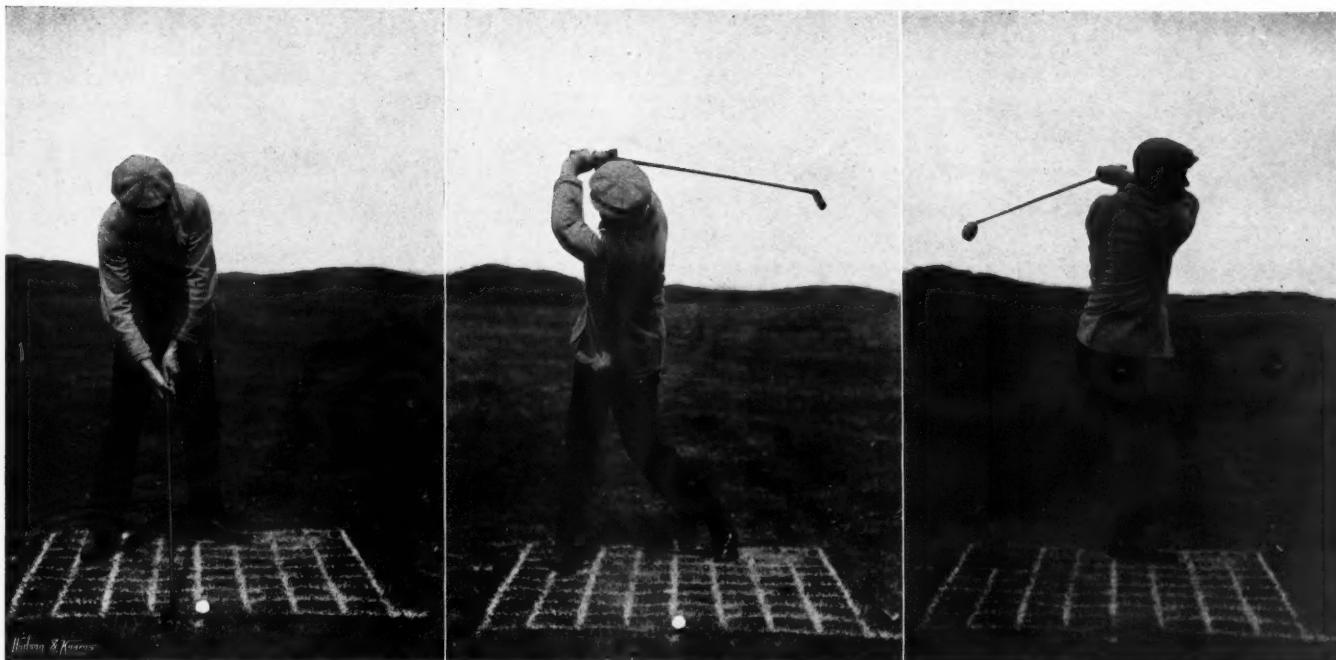
Dearer the wall that round my fathers rose
Than all the Roman palaces in line,
Their country slate than marble's chilly hue,
More dear the Loire than Roman Tiber flows
Home's hills are dearer than the Palatine,
Than this salt wind the sweet air of Anjou.

ROBIN FLOWER.

We are not unpleasantly reminded now and then that we have "a chiel amang us taken' notes." Mr. Clemens, or to give him the name by which he is most widely known, "Mark Twain," with eyes that are at once merry, kind and satirical, has been scanning our proceedings in a manner not at all hostile, and yet not without a touch of ridicule. To an interviewer who assailed him on his arrival as to his opinion about pageants he told a long story how a palmist had foretold his early death, and that the point most engaging his attention at the moment was the funeral. To have a noble funeral he pretended was his great ambition, and the obvious way to satisfy it was by carefully studying the many pageants with which the English world is about to amuse itself. "Mark Twain's" idea that the processions at Oxford, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Albans and Coventry might supply him with good suggestions for a funeral was in his happiest vein.

The Keepers' Benefit Society is an organisation that has no enemies, and everybody will be glad to hear of the flourishing state of things which the Duke of Northumberland was able to describe at the annual meeting on June 14th. The funds in hand amount to £12,876 4s. 6d., and 462 keepers are on the society's books, thirty-five of them being pensioners. The meeting included among others the Earls of Kinnoull and Kintore, Sir Savile Crossley and The Mackintosh, while among the new subscribers of the year are the Prince of Wales, the Marquess of Londonderry, the Earls of Albemarle and Dalhousie and Lord Aberdare. Those who wish to help it should communicate with the secretary, Mr. W. Whitmore, 235, Regent Street, W.

THE GOLF OF ARNAUD MASSEY.



G. W. Eeldam.

ADDRESS FOR DRIVE.

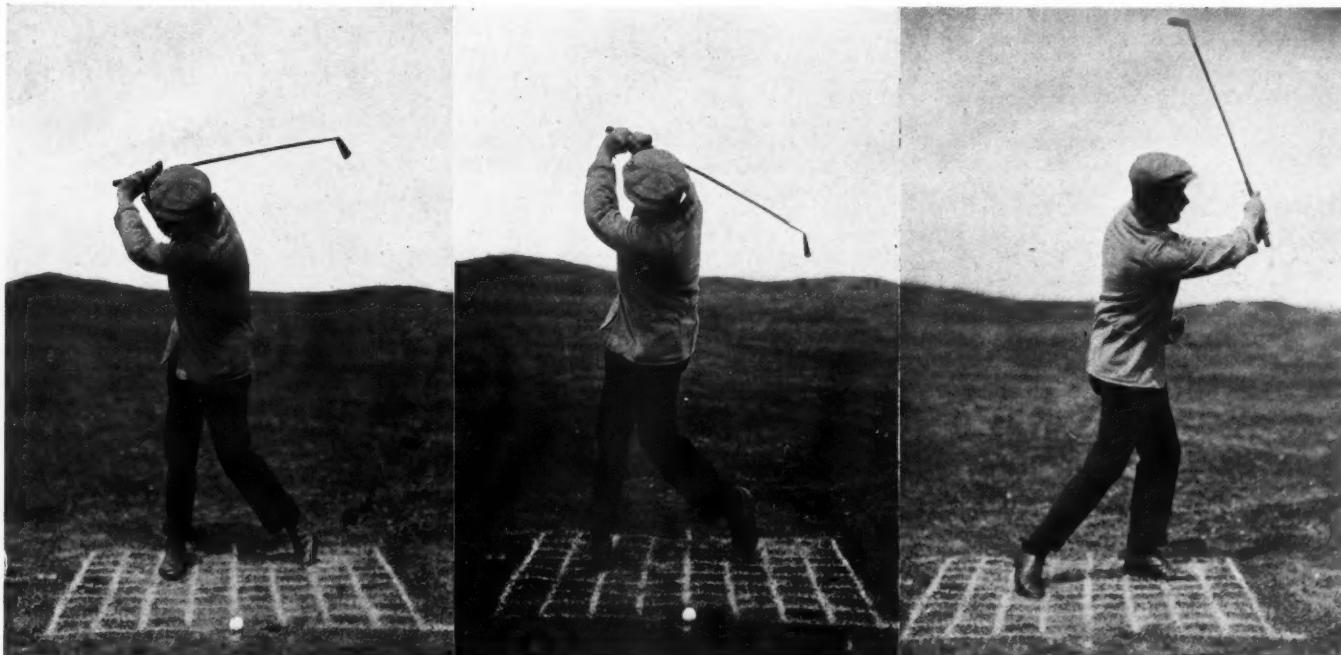
TOP OF DRIVE.

Copyright.

IT is weary work repeating revilings against the wind and weather which take no notice of them; but no man who has a knowledge of the Hoylake golf links will fail to realise that, in the force and fury of the recent breezes from the West, candidates for the championship must have had much occasion for such reviling. There is no tempering that particular wind to the shorn lamb at Hoylake; he is not introduced to it by any gentle or sheltered byways. He has to come out of the club-house right into the full blast of it and to play that trying first hole, with its second shot up the old race-course, a strait and narrow way between the out-of-bounds field on the right and the broken ground, honeycombed with rabbit-holes, on the left, dead into the teeth of this discouraging wind. If you look at the scores which the champions returned, you will see how this trying first hole set its mark on them, in large figures; and everyone knows how depressing it is, in a score competition of this kind, to be beaten about at the very start, and after many strokes with the club to write down a big figure on the card on the very first green. Six times in all, with the recording card in hand, the players had to start out thus, and always with the wind threatening premature ruin of high hopes at this first hole.

So, on the whole, one of the conclusions of this last championship is that the scoring, under the circumstances, was

wonderfully good. To start at the beginning, we have to note a very fine score on the part of Massey, 147, on the first day, which gave him the long lead of five strokes over Herd, who was second to him. Massey, I may mention, was the man whom I had taken as more likely than any other single one, after the three whom we always put first, to win this championship. The next day's play saw Taylor to the fore, leading by nearly as many as Massey had led by on the first day; but the scores were higher all round, in consequence, no doubt, of the wind being higher; 154 was Taylor's leading score. Then came Gaudin at 158, Mr. Graham, with others, at a stroke more, and the amateur champion, Mr. Ball, at a stroke more again. The only other amateurs to qualify were Mr. C. E. Dick, also a Hoylake-trained golfer, and Mr. Barker. These rounds, it has to be understood, were qualifying tests only, half the field playing thirty-six holes on the Tuesday and the other half on the Wednesday, and the thirty-four lowest on each day going on to the real competitive business of the seventy-two holes played on the Thursday and Friday. This is the new plan which has been devised in order that all shall play under more equal conditions of weather than was often the case when all the field played one qualifying round on the Tuesday, and again all played another round on the Wednesday. The first and the last to start on any day, out of so many players, often met with very different



G. W. Eeldam

TOP OF CLEEK SHOT.

TOP OF FULL IRON SHOT.

Copyright.

FINISH OF HALF IRON.



G. W. Beldam.

TOP OF MASHIE SHOT.



FINISH OF MASHIE SHOT.



Copyright.

PUTTING.

treatment from the gods who regulate (or forgot to regulate) our climate.

Before proceeding to the actual competition work, we may say that all arrangements for the contest were made with that admirable thoroughness which we always find at Hoylake. The green, all the better for the rain, was in first-class order; for Hoylake, it was on the heavy side, but had the course been keen at the commencement of so great a trial, it would have been like a glassy sea by its close.

It was singular how faithfully the record of the first day of competition repeated the story of the qualifying rounds—Massey leading, but by a single stroke only, from Taylor and Tom Ball. Scores were a little higher again—157, against the 154 which led on the day before. Mr. Graham was still first of the amateurs with 164. Mr. Ball was 171. Herd was equal with Mr. Graham at this point, Harry Vardon was a stroke more, and Braid, who was below form on the first day, was 167. Of the other amateurs, Mr. Dick was 168, and Mr. Barker 170. The list was already a curious one, from the international point of view, the Frenchman leading, and not a Scot higher than Duncan at sixth place with 161. Williamson and Pulford came at a stroke more than Tom Ball and Taylor, and the figure of 160 was unoccupied.

I have said before that when I named Massey, in conversation with one of the leading professionals—one, by the way,

who finished very near the top indeed in this year's championship—as more likely than any other man, after the three whom we all know, to win, he replied that he did not believe in Massey for a four-round affair; he said that he thought the Frenchman would get "too excited." Having seen a deal of Massey's play, and his faculty of keeping his game going right up to a hard finish, I disputed this criticism. However, on the last day of play, when Massey pulled his first drive under the

fence and failed to move the ball more than a few feet with his second, it rather looked as if the criticism was sound, as if the strain of the occasion was too great for him and he was about to break down, owing to over-excitement. But a bad start like this often seems to act like a tonic on a man, and after taking six to the first hole Massey settled down; he threw a stroke or two away on one or two greens, but on others he holed a long putt, so as nearly to balance the account, and the rest of his game was steady enough. Nevertheless he lost, for the first time, his leading position on the round. Taylor, starting a stroke behind him and playing finely, finished a stroke ahead, and thus, with a lead of all the field, the old ex-champion entered the last lap. I think that those who did not know Massey must have thought his chance a poor one, thus having lost the lead at a very crucial point; but this man of Latin race has the right temperament and (what is always useful) he is every bit as good a golfer as the very best. Massey did his last round in 77—good work at a critical moment—and Taylor took 80, his worst round. Therefore, according to simple arithmetic, Massey won by two strokes from him, by five from Tom Vardon and Pulford, by a stroke more from Braid and Kay, and by yet another stroke from Harry Vardon, Duncan and Williamson. Mr. Graham again, as last year, first of the amateurs, held thirteenth place on the list, fourteen strokes behind Massey. Mr. John Ball, amateur champion, was three strokes and three places behind Mr.

Graham. It almost looks, in the result, as if Taylor was haunted, haunted by a spectre taking the form of a large figure 2; for this is now the fourth time in succession that he has been second in this championship. In a sense it is very bad luck; but regarded in another light it is evidence of his wonderful consistency; it is a record glorious enough, even without the actual wins which have gone before it. Still, it is a case to claim sympathy. One of the features of



START OF DRIVE.



Beldam. FINISH OF DRIVE. Copyright.

the play deserving special notice is Braid's work on the last day. After taking 82 and 85 to his two rounds on the first day, when he was most certainly off his best form, he put in a 75, the second best single round recorded, and followed it with a 76, equaling the third best on the second day and so hoisted himself into an equal fifth place with Ray, and ahead of all the other Scots. The final list reads queerly with a Frenchman winner, a Devonshire man second, a Jersey man and a Cheshire man equal third and fourth and another Jersey man sharing fifth and sixth place with the highest Scot. The Royal and Ancient game has its surprises.

When Massey, after receiving his prize, was called on for a speech, he is reported to have said, "I am glad I came over from Paris to win the championship. *Vive l'entente cordiale.*" Good sentiment! Everybody was pleased—let this be said with a mental reserve as to the pleasure of those narrowly beaten, but though there were narrow beatings there were no narrow national sentiments. Massey has been a good deal in Great Britain, and his professional brethren like him well. Some of the papers are calling him Basque, but I doubt this. I doubt even if he is capable of talking Basque. He may be, but I take him for a Frenchman of the Basses Pyrénées, which is quite a different thing from being a Basque, and a Frenchman in his talk. Besides being a golfer, as good as he has proved himself, he is a useful man in a boat. He used to go out with Henri, the club-maker and player at Biarritz, in a sardine fishing-boat belonging to Henri and his brother; and in the great seas of that coast this means of necessity good seamanship—that is, if you are to come home again. More than fifty years ago the present Admiral John Hay was out on a commission studying the lines of the boats used on that coast in order to import the like into the men-o'-war's boats of our own Navy. The big seas of that corner of the Bay of Biscay require good boats and good seamen. That was Massey's training before he began the more strenuous life of the golfer.

MASSEY'S CAREER.

THE glory, to which I only wish that I could lay just claim, has been thrust upon me, of counting for something in the golfing education of Massey, the present champion. It is true that when first I went to Biarritz there were few golfers there of the first class, and that at that time the present champion was a boy, imbibing, by unconscious process of imitation, ideas of golf which, aided by fine gifts of eye and muscle and temperament, have brought him where he is. If Massey's attitude as he swings at the ball be considered in comparison with that portrait of the late Hugh Kirkaldy, which appears on the back of the *Badminton* volume on golf, it is curious how many points of likeness appear—curious, because I do not know that Massey ever saw Hugh Kirkaldy play, certainly cannot have seen him often enough for the style of the older player who, in point of fact, died while Massey was still a boy, to influence the younger. The only professional players of any class whom Massey can have seen when his style was being formed were Lloyd of Pau and Willy Dunn; the latter was for a while at Biarritz, but had such a remarkably individual style of his own that no other man could expect to be very successful in imitating it. I can see no trace of Dunn's style in Massey's, who, indeed, seems of his inner consciousness to have evolved something which has a strong resemblance to Kirkaldy's typical St. Andrews swing; at the top, at that moment of poise the resemblance is striking, but the resemblance begins and ends there. Massey arrives at that point very slowly, with quite a quiet swing back, and comes down again very slowly indeed, in proportion to the force which he evidently applies to the ball. Perfect timing is the secret of the application of that force, combined with a carrying forward of the body as the club comes to the ball. In the swing of Hugh Kirkaldy the right shoulder came down much sooner than Massey's does and so, by a different means, gave the follow through which is essential. Certainly there is no other professional golfer whose drive is so correctly described by the word "swing," no other in whose style there is such a complete absence of hit. It is, with Massey, a singularly smooth, unburdened action, with wonderfully little apparent effort. It gives one the idea that he could go on playing thus, stroke after stroke and round after round, without ever being the least wearied, even in a high wind, which is the most tiring of the conditions under which golf can be played; and probably it is this smoothness and freedom from all strained effort which enables him to control the ball so well, to keep it so straight and low in the wind's eye and give it the trajectory which causes it to run so far after alighting. All these features of his game were much in evidence at Hoylake, and they did him the best of service in the high wind which prevailed all through the meeting.

The features of his driving stroke, the slow swing and the carry on of the body which obviously adds so much to the power, are reproduced in his strong and long cleek play; but the stroke which I most of all admire is that short approach

stroke with iron or mashie out of difficult broken ground, to which I have called special attention before. I have talked to him about it often; but he seems quite unconscious that it is at all distinctive or peculiar to himself. No other man that I have seen brings the club so far away from the ball, or lets it fall on the ball so slowly, in playing so short a stroke. The slowness is, I have no doubt, the secret of its great accuracy and of the perfection with which, out of such difficult places, he gauges the strength required.

Long before this—but, of course, no one was likely to pay any attention to it until he became champion—I have pointed out a peculiarity of Massey's style, one that he shared with only one other player that I have seen, and that one, unhappily, will be seen golfing no more—poor Mr. "Teddy" Buckland, equally good with club and bat. The peculiarity is that, if you see him from a distance swinging, you cannot tell whether he is swinging at a real ball, in actual play, or at an imagined ball or a daisy. That is to say, that his swing when he is engaged in the active work of the game is the same as when he is merely swinging to get his arms free or to see how the club should go. It is the easiest swing ever seen, and it is a constant wonder how it gives the ball the force of impact which it must give to send it so great a distance and keep it so well controlled. He is a beautiful driver; but, for all that, his best stroke by far, in my opinion, is that approach stroke played with very loose wrists, and with the club brought a very long way back from the ball in proportion to the distance which the stroke is intended to send the ball. Out of loose friable ground, or again out of short heather or thick grass, he plays this stroke, which depends on the exactly right hitting of the ball (there is not the eighth of an inch margin for error on such ground) with extraordinary precision. The club falls on the ball, rather than hits it, very slowly. It is a stroke which the somewhat indifferent lies at Biarritz must have taught him, and is everywhere very valuable. In looking at the accompanying photographs of the champion, "gridironed" after the peculiar mode of torment invented by the ingenious Mr. Beldam, the most illustrative of his swing at its height, whether with driving club or iron, is that which is entitled "Top of Full Iron Shot." The most descriptive of his carrying on of the body is the "Finish of Half Iron." In this is very well shown how his body comes forward on to the left leg, and so gives unexpected power to the stroke. The "Top of Mashie" stroke does not show any distinct peculiarity in the style, but it is quite probable that even with the club taken so far back and up as this, it is a very short loft that the player is contemplating. A point to notice is that in his longer shots with the iron clubs he takes fully as long a swing as with his wooden clubs, a swing almost identical with his wooden club swing, which is a little at variance with the theory which some of the professionals are disposed to hold, that full shots with the iron clubs are to be discouraged in favour of the half shot. Massey, however, has worked out his own golfing salvation in his own way, and very satisfactorily. The meeting of the three great men into whose company he has now come, with him on his own green on Saturday and Sunday will be extremely interesting.

THE CHAMPION AS A ROUGH-WEATHER GOLFER.

A GOOD many comments have been made on the fact that Massey was brought up to "follow the sea" in some degree, that is to say, that he was accustomed from boyhood to go out in the sardine-fishing boats of the Bay of Biscay, and that when he began golf his apprenticeship was at Biarritz, which is perhaps the most notoriously windy spot in Europe. The inference which commentators seem to draw is that our present champion was especially favoured by the weather at Hoylake, which was so violently strong in character as to make him feel quite at home in it. However this may be, and however the Scot may care to pride himself on the well-known geniality and gentleness of the climate of his own East Coast, the inference cannot be admitted if it is to involve the idea that Massey did not win absolutely on his merits. The very last to entertain any such an idea are the professionals who played against him, among whom it is, so far as I have found, universally admitted that he played the best golf all through the week at Hoylake, and that had any other man, had even Taylor, beaten him, Massey would have had to be reckoned extremely unlucky.

THE CHAMPION AS A FINE WEATHER GOLFER.

Noticing these comments, it is interesting to recall that at the time when Massey beat all the rest in the competition at Cannes, which was got up by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, it was then said that Massey was favoured by the fact that he was much more accustomed than any of the others to playing in so bright a sunlight as Cannes is blessed with, and also that the rather strange conditions of the green were less unfamiliar to him than to the others as a consequence of his bringing up at Biarritz. When we put these two comments on Massey's two most important wins together we find that they amount to saying that he is an exceptionally fine player in a glaring sunlight, and also an exceptionally fine player in a raging tempest; and when we have made such a confession of faith as that it is hardly to be expected that the most ardent admirer of Massey's golf (and that includes all who have seen him play and who are at all qualified to judge the game) will ask more in the way of commendation. It leaves very little to be said.

MASSEY'S APPRENTICESHIP TO BALL GAMES.

The truth is that Massey has always been, for a couple of years past, as fine an executant, so to speak, of the game as lives. All he wanted to put

him up on a level with the three men whom we have placed first for many years was success in their company. He has now had that success, first at Cannes, and then, in far fitter and more satisfactory measure, at Hoylake; and now, as one of his professional brethren observed, he will take a lot of holding—by anybody. The French of the country from whence he comes have a fine ball-playing tradition. All the little boys play at different forms of the *pelota* and *jeu de paume*, varying from a game much like tennis,

through *blaïd* and *rebot*, till you come to the “long game” of the Basques, played in a far longer court than that in which they exhibited *pelota* last year at Earl’s Court. In all these the force of the stroke is given to the ball—whether with the bare hand, the basket or the leathern glove—chiefly by the most perfect timing, and perfect timing of the stroke is the feature most characteristic of the golf of the Frenchman who is now our champion.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE ASCOT WEEK.

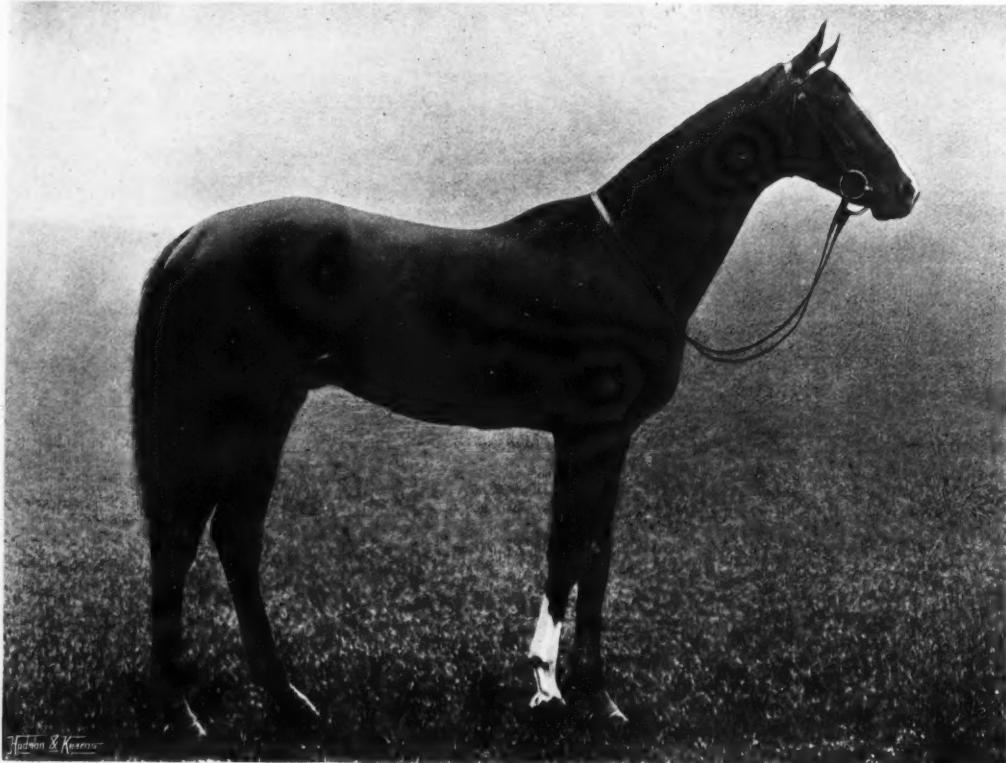
SELDOM is such a race for such a prize witnessed as that which took place last week for the Ascot Gold Cup. After one of the most gallant contests ever witnessed upon a race-course the prize was won, not by the superior merit of one horse over the other, but by means of an objection, the sustaining of which disqualified the French horse Eider, who had run a dead-heat with The White Knight. There have been four previous instances in which the race for the Cup resulted in a dead-heat, but on each of these occasions the “dead-heaters” ran it off, and only once before, in 1823, has an objection to the winner been lodged. If, as I believe was the case, the terms of the objection lodged on Monday afternoon were actually as follows, no more astounding objection has ever been lodged in first-class racing. The document handed in by Halsey, the rider of The White Knight, is thus reported: “I object to the jockey of Eider for bumping and boring, and catching hold of my leg and trying to push me off.” Now, it is clear that had there been any proof of a deliberate attempt on the part of Stern to catch hold of Halsey’s leg and “push him off,”

W. A. Roush.

LALLY, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

Copyright

not only would the horse he was riding have been at once disqualified, and rightly so, but he himself would inevitably have lost his licence and been warned off every race-course in the world. The Ascot Stewards who adjudicated on the case completely exonerated Stern from the charge made against him, and in my humble opinion so reckless an accusation should never have been made. Called upon to investigate the allegation of boring and bumping, the decision of the Stewards was given in favour of The White Knight and his owners, who thereby became entitled to such satisfaction as there may be in winning an Ascot Cup on an objection. No doubt, in racing, as in other things, anyone who chooses to exact the strictest adherence to the rules of a game is acting within his rights; but circumstances alter cases, and the adoption of a different policy in this particular instance would have been welcomed and appreciated by a large number of people who have the best interests of racing at heart. Here, at all events, was an international contest between the representatives of England and France, and there is no doubt in my own mind, that if in the stress of the fighting the French champion transgressed the rules of the game, so did our own representative. I distinctly



TORPOINT, WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES & ALEXANDRA PLATE.

saw The White Knight make more than one attempt to savage his opponent, and I also saw that Eider swerved towards Colonel Kirkwood's horse. To the ruling of the Stewards we must all give unhesitating allegiance, for there can be no doubt whatever that they gave their decision in accordance with what they believed to be right. But there can have been but very, very little difference in the amount of blame to be attached to the respective horses, and it is to be regretted that a wider view of the principles of sport did not suggest itself to the owners of The White Knight. There is also this to be remembered, that when The White Knight goes to the stud he cannot claim the prestige belonging to a winner of the Ascot Cup. As a matter of fact, he did not win it; all he did was to run a dead-heat with Eider, who is known to be much inferior to Maintenon in his own country, and who *a fortiori* is a long way below the class of Spearmint, who, in the Grand Prix de Paris, proved himself to be a far better animal than Maintenon. A very able writer in our French contemporary *Le Figaro* said on Friday morning, when alluding to the race, that "Si les commissaires anglais n'ont pas validé le résultat, le résultat n'en reste pas moins acquis en fait, et c'est un grand honneur pour l'élevage français qu'un de ses représentants ait pu partager la victoire d'un champion que les Anglais avaient décreté imbattable." Very polite and very sportsmanlike is that expression of his opinion, and to it I will venture to add my own, that if the dead-heat had been run off The White Knight would have had to lower his colours, and that, had he been in the race, old Torpoint would as likely as not have beaten the pair of them. Before leaving the subject it should, I think, be noted that the Duc de Grammont, the owner of Eider, saw the race, and, thinking it probable that his own jockey would want to lodge an objection, told him that on no account was he to do so.

To return to the making of what must be but a brief review of the week's racing, our friendly neighbours across the Channel



W. A. Kouch. THE WHITE KNIGHT, WINNER OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP. Copyright.

made a bold bid for the possession of the Gold Vase on Tuesday. They seemed, indeed, to be fairly confident that they would win it, and, in fact, came near to doing so, for Mont Menale, carrying Mr. J. Stern's colours, did finish in front of all the runners in the race but one, but Golden Measure was just too good for him, and, well ridden by Maher, won the trophy for Mr. J. Buchanan. Eleven horses came out for the Ascot Stakes; but it was old Torpoint's day, and none of them had the slightest chance of beating the son of Trenton and Doncaster Beauty, who, extricating himself from some temporary difficulties in the way of being "boxed in," came out and won his race in a canter by three lengths from Feather Bed, behind whom, at an interval of two lengths, Gourd ran into third place. Among the runners in this race was Noctuiform, who certainly ran better than he has previously done in this country; but he is still far from being at his best, and, sooner or later, is tolerably sure to win a good race for Mr. J. Buchanan. The race for the Royal Hunt Cup on the Wednesday nearly always

offers a puzzle difficult of solution by those who look upon it as being an excellent medium for a gamble. This year the majority of speculators were content to accept the very short price of 3 to 1 against Hillsprite (6st. 10lb.), a three year old colt belonging to the Duke of Devonshire; but a bitter disappointment was in store for them, for the animal in question had nothing to do with the finish of the race, being well beaten a long way from home.

Very prominent, however, at every stage of the race were the "light blue and black hoops" of Mr. W. B. Purefoy, carried by Lally, who, it will be remembered, went from bad to worse after running so disappointingly in last year's Derby. The long rest given him by his owner has done him good, and he evidently has regained his brilliant speed; but he cannot stay, and although he lasted just long enough to win the Royal Hunt Cup, he was, I think, stopping at every stride, and did not seem at all inclined to battle it out with Andover, who, running on with the utmost resolution, was only beaten into second place by half a length. After the race excuses were forthcoming for Hillsprite, who appears to have been suffering from some affection of the larynx, which renders him liable to choke at times, and, unfortunately, this would seem to have been one of his choking days. While the old horse was alive I often drew attention to Trenton's value as a sire, and since his death I have pointed out the desirability of securing his mares. This Ascot Week has shown that there was reason in these suggestions, Torpoint, by Trenton, having won the Ascot Stakes over a distance of two miles on the Tuesday, and the Alexandra Plate, 2 miles 6fur. 85yds., on the Friday, and Greek Girl, the dam of Dibs, the winner of the Triennial Stakes on Wednesday, being also by Trenton. It may, too, be noted that she is also the dam of Cuffs, who has done such good service for the Cranborne stable this year.

Thursday was Cup Day, but as the race for this famous trophy has already been dealt with at some length, we can pass on to other events. Sancy, who, by the way, has grown into a magnificent horse, gave Polar Star a fearful dressing in the Rous Memorial Stakes; but it was only too evident, even before the race, that Colonel Hall Walker's brilliant three year old was far from being at his best.

It is, indeed, probable that he has not recovered from the effects of a somewhat hurried preparation for, and a severe race in, the Jubilee, followed by a disastrous attempt to tackle The White Knight, Troutbeck and Polymelus in the Coronation Cup at Epsom. It may be added that his owner has very wisely decided to give the colt a rest, and it is to be hoped that later on he may come out like a giant refreshed.

TRENTON.

MINSTRELS AT HENLEY

OUR punt probably presented no vision of great promise to the eyes of the few indolent onlookers who saw its embarkment. It was execrably decorated with light blue—thus soliciting, as George said, the sympathies of Eton and Cambridge—and the Chinese lanterns, clumsily fastened on to drooping wires, which were stretched across from light blue pole to light blue pole, swung ominously and jostled each other in an unreasonable effort to crowd up to one end of the punt. If George had had his way we should have been entirely hidden from our admirers. When I arrived at Henley in the afternoon I had found him moving the last of some dozen huge flower-pots from a florist's cart into the boat. Of course, it all looked beautiful, and I had the tact to say so; but there was only just room for George to walk along the gangway between the two rows of flower-pots, and no room at all for the rest of us to sit.

After some hot argument we came to a compromise and dismissed most of the conservatory; and I began to cut candles to fit the lanterns while George hammered nails into the piano. It was disheartening work, but we felt the glow of novelty which sustained us when the lanterns bobbed up and down on

the wires, the nails fell into the river and a drunken man on the shore began to jeer at us thickly, and Bill the boatman, who had been sent off to buy more candles, failed to reappear. We worked doggedly till half-past five and then repaired to our lodgings and a cold meal. George's songs all had choruses, which we were obliged to learn before we started for our first adventure soon after seven o'clock.

There was a terrible stillness about the river on that Monday night. A few boats strayed down stream, and the occupants gazed insolently at us and made ingenuous remarks, which were faithfully carried over the water to our ears. It was tedious, dispiriting work. But later on we had better luck, and a kind man in grey flannels hailed us from a house-boat and asked us to come at eight the next night, when he would have a party on board. After that we cheered up, and Martin's piercing falsetto collected a crowd of boats out of the gathering darkness, and we sang to them for an hour before we remembered to send round the bags—another of George's defective manufactures, by the way; it was almost impossible to get money into or out of them. We enjoyed our supper that night and felt that we had begun the campaign without discredit.

It is not improbable that some of those who read these columns will remember us, will have enjoyed Jim's coon songs, Venning's whistling, the lovely baritone of Summerhayes, sweetest of singers, will have laughed at Martin's falsetto and George's comic songs and famous stump speech, and will have spared, I hope, a thought of pity for the pianist, who, when not accompanying, was expected to allure the audience with lilting waltz tunes. We had our *clientèle*—personal friends, who followed us every evening and called for their favourite songs; complete strangers who grew into acquaintances; men who were never tired of "She was Fat," girls who were attracted by Jim's chin and his romantic method of delivering absurd songs; we were known to the house-boats, too, where thoughtful owners—bless them!—gave refreshments to our tired throats and rest to our cramped bodies. It was delightful to sit on deck and watch the races; to listen to other minstrels, and to throw them money which others had thrown to us; to descend royally to the punt, where Bill was talking to the butler and finishing a glass of ale; and to sing a round of songs in gratitude to our entertainers. On the whole, we were handsomely treated, and we had a very easy and comfortable time. We were generally on the river from one till half-past four, and from seven till eleven or twelve; but of course we were not singing the whole time. We reserved ourselves for the evenings. Our method varied with the time of day. In the heat of the afternoon we tried to get a position either by a house-boat or against the boom; and there we stayed till we had made a block in the river, and frantic boat-loads missed trains because they could not pass us. Then George was at his best, and Martin's "If No One Ever Marries Me" penetrated the dense flotilla like a steam whistle, while Jim won all hearts with his coon songs. Summerhayes and Venning had an easy time till the evening; then they had the greater share of the work. When the river is dark the house-boats are illuminated and a distant shout jars the warm silence, there is no need for rollicking echoes of musical comedy or shrill falsetto. Then is the hour for whistling solos and the soothing love song. To hear Summerhayes and Venning in those magical surroundings was more than a reward for the stress of the daytime. When the house-boats put out their fairy lamps we used to begin the return journey, accompanied by a huge flotilla of punts and canoes. Out in midstream, with the outside punts to keep us moving, we would move slowly up towards the bridge, our lanterns the only light in the darkness, except when a pipe was lit or the illuminations of Phyllis Court shone on us. Onward we drifted, engulfing the unfortunate and isolated boats which met us; lying prone on cushions, with masks off and cigarettes alight, and listening to Summerhayes, who sat at the piano and sang little old familiar songs, such as the heart of man and woman loves when it is at peace with the world. I often wonder how many romances were hatched under the spell of those simple melodies, how many little hands were grasped by big hands under the sheltering rugs, how many people were made unutterably happy by the scene to which we contributed our mite. It was all like something which one had dreamed of and prayed for and read of in books. An hour later we were eating cold beef and salad, while George, his plate untouched, counted piles of coppers and silver on the table-cloth and announced the takings.

The three days of the regatta were just as much as human endurance allowed. By Friday morning we were glad to be quit of the place, and to know that the landlady's bill had been paid with I shouldn't like to say how many pounds' worth of coppers. The whole "Bunbury," as we used to call it, was a great success, thanks chiefly to George's care and forethought; but I, for one, should not care to spend the whole summer entertaining bored pleasure-seekers. It was an experience, full of new sensations and little touches of humour; it was amusing to see how differently people treated us. At one house-boat, after singing for a while to a most charming audience, we were given champagne, cigars and three guineas; at another the owner

solemnly handed George a shilling and asked him not to come again. Often a house-boat thought it sufficient to give us whiskies and soda, which did not appeal to the teetotalers among us. The crowd by day treated us with indifference as a rule, sometimes with complacence or even approval. Once a girl, after listening to several songs and scrutinising us carefully, said in an audible voice to her mother, "I believe they are gentlemen." We gloated over that testimonial. Another great point of argument among casual listeners was Martin's sex; many held that he was a woman disguised, and when he heard of this he was suitably agitated, and implored to be allowed to sing a song in a gruff bass voice. Indeed, most of the humour was among ourselves. George's and my anxiety to be always handing round the bag seemed little short of indecent to the others, who studiously avoided any suggestion of mercenary interests. Jim was too constantly occupied in the recognition of his friends and relatives among the crowd to spare much attention to our affairs; and he would wave his hand to some distant muslin apparition and ask after her mother with an air which greatly impressed our bourgeois auditors. Perhaps we were very unpopular among the bands of rival musicians; probably so; but we were scrupulously careful to play the game professionally. We did not undersell them by neglecting to hand round the bags—George and I saw to that—nor did we encroach on their preserves or, in the vernacular, "queer their pitch." The etiquette is quite definite. You must not interfere in any way with a "troupe" when it has once taken up its position and begun to make music. You must pass it in stony silence and not attempt to detach its audience by seductive scraps of melody on the piano. One night—how well I remember it!—we had been performing outside a house-boat to a large crowd of boats which stretched right across to the boom. Another puntload of minstrels hove in sight, homeward bound, and attended by an equally large flotilla of small craft; in the pauses between our songs we heard the tinkle of their piano, the harsh voice of a girl singing, the shouts and applause. Nearer they came, their lanterns bobbing up and down like fire-flies; but they did not stop their music according to etiquette. Soon their crowd touched our crowd and their movement was inevitably hindered; our supporters shouted to them to stop singing; we made great efforts to drown them—metaphorically, of course—and Martin was roused from the bottom of the punt to sing "My Heart's at Your Feet" as shrilly as possible. In a few minutes the night was hideous with a medley of conflicting sounds, and it seemed hopeless for us to continue our music, or to stop our rivals, or to let them and their adherents pass. Suddenly, in the darkness close to us, a voice was raised, strong and recognisable. It was that of a Trinity man, famous in the 'Varsity for his ingenious humour. He started the refrain so well known in common rooms and smoking concerts to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne".

King Charles he was King Charles he was King Charles he was King Charles,

and with a shout of delight it was taken up by all the undergraduates round us, soon followed by every single voice in the crowd. The effect was instantaneous. The rival minstrels were routed, and disappeared in disgust, pursued by the roar of vague information as to the identity of King Charles. It was great fun. Then Summerhayes began to sing "Annie Laurie," and our faithful audience relapsed into peace and silence.

Shall we ever do it all again? I wonder. Perhaps the "Bunbury" would fall flat now that we are older and more self-conscious. We should not enjoy the excitement of novelty and a pleasing notoriety. But it was a rare time. Though masks are very uncomfortable, and are discarded as soon as it is dark, they serve a very useful purpose in the daytime: you can look straight at anybody from two yards distance without the victim's consciousness of your scrutiny. You are so utterly anonymous that no one hesitates to talk to you. One night, I remember, I was lying at the end of the punt, smoking placidly and listening to Venning's whistling, when I drifted into conversation with a beautiful lady in the next punt. Some spell of intimacy was in the air, and we talked in whispers without constraint. In five minutes she was telling me all about herself and I was advising her to which house at Eton she should send her eldest son. We parted the best of friends. This is only a trifling instance of the good-fellowship which made those Henley days so enjoyable. If we go again one summer, we shall find Bill the boatman in the same blue suit and red tie, most unsuitable for vigorous paddling. Most of our house-boat friends will have gone; but there will be many of the hardy annuals on the course. George will sing the old songs, Jim will rouse the echoes with "Mighty Like a Rose," Venning will whistle Neil Gwynne's song, Martin will still discuss the possibility of no one ever marrying him in his high falsetto voice and Summerhayes will thrill the night with "Hast Thou Forgotten, Love, So Soon?" Wine, women and song, the lap of water under the bows, the distant lights of the bridge, the dim outline of neighbouring boats, straw hats and muslin dresses and low voices whispering in the darkness; and perhaps I shall meet my little grass widow again, and she will tell me how her boy is getting on at school!

THE GLAMOUR OF THE SNIPE.

OF all the once-numerous species of wildfowl which nested in the East Anglian Fenland, few except the commoner and more generally distributed remain. It saddens a bird-lover to recall the many interesting birds which have disappeared during the last generation. This disappearance is due partly to persecution, but more to the changed conditions caused by the draining of the Fens. Ruffs and Reeves must have been very plentiful when my father was a boy, for he could tell of how he saw large numbers of them brought into Cambridge market in great square hampers, such as are still used by the Fen game and poultry dealers. The species is now all but extinct; only about half-a-dozen pairs find a sanctuary each nesting season in the Norfolk Broads. Snipe, however, still nest in considerable numbers; and long may they continue to do so, for there is a glamour about the snipe which, to naturalist and sportsman alike, makes it one of the most fascinating of birds. The build of the bird, the mystery of the "bleating" noise accompanying its circling flights in spring and the beauty of its nest of pear-shaped eggs ever form an attraction to all who delight in watching wild birds; and in winter the rapid zigzag flight as it flashes up from a dyke, with the familiar cry of "Scaape, scaape," and the difficulty of the mark it offers appeal to the truest sporting instinct of the gunner. I must admit there was a time when it was my delight to spend a winter's day trudging by fen ditches, gun in hand, alert for that cry of "scaape," and when my chief interest in the zigzag flight was how to stop it. And although during recent years the use of field-glass and camera has caused me to find so much keener interest in birds as living things as to make the killing of them seem useless and abhorrent, I experienced just enough of the fascination of the gun as to enable me in some degree to sympathise with those who are wholly devoted to it.

Many a delectable April day have I spent watching the snipe on their nesting-grounds adjoining Wicken Fen. Other birds there are lapwings, redshanks and ducks; but it is the snipe one goes to see and hear—the rest are but a pleasant addition. Journeying by road from Cambridge, the first impression one receives of approach to the fen district is a change in the colour of the soil; yellow and brown of loam and clay give place with surprising abruptness to black; hedges disappear almost as suddenly; in their stead, broad ditches separate the fields, and the only trees are picturesque black poplars surrounding solitary fen farms which, with the gaunt skeleton windmills that drain the land, form the only break in the dreary expanse of landscape.

And at last, wafted from the farmhouses and cottages, comes the pleasant scent of burning turf. The charm of all things pleasant lies mainly in the associations they recall. I have known people strange to the Fens sniff the air and remark on the peculiar smell. Peculiar! And I had been breathing it in, carried back to years of pleasant memories, memories of summer nights which I spent moth-collecting on Wicken Fen. Often I watched the sun go down, leaving on the north-western



W. Farren.

NOT ALTOGETHER FREE FROM ALARM.

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horizon an arch of pale light which did not absolutely disappear all night, but fading, travelled round towards the east, and then, when midway between north and east, gradually brightened again. The light of the large lamp used for attracting moths, vivid and glaring during the dark hours, gradually assumed a sickly yellow hue; the high-pitched music of the singing innumerable gnats round the lamp, the sedge-warbler's chattering and the shrill "reeling" of the grasshopper warbler (which served but to intensify the stillness of night) became hushed for a time, the surrounding blackness gradually dissolved, bushes took form and colour and, with the luxuriant fen vegetation, heavily laden with life-giving dew, reflected a glow of cold light spreading from the north-east. Almost imperceptibly the light grew until it suffused all; there were no shadows, no high lights, just one even tone of tender grey spreading over sky and fen. For a brief time there was absolute silence until the birds awoke. First the sedge and grasshopper warblers (which had surely been awake all night), followed by odd thrushes and blackbirds in the trees on the high lands adjacent. A snipe on the turf diggings across

Wicken Lode joined in with the dissyllabic note "chack-wack," many times repeated, and ending as suddenly as it had commenced; presently there came the well-known "bleating" noise, showing that he was up and taking an early morning flight. To me this has always been the most entrancing time; the first stage of dawn, while the sun is still so far from visible as to leave the pale white light untinged by the slightest sign of warmth; when distant trees stand out cold, clear and green, and the first waking twitterings of the birds impress one with a feeling that such must have been the beginning of all life upon the earth. A change comes all too soon; long radiating shafts of warmer light shoot up from the east, followed with a suddenness by the sun. The clear distance gradually melts away into soft greys and purples, more familiar shapes appear as the flatness gives way to light and shade, and the birds, now fully awake, send forth a glorious flood of melody in welcome of another day. Sedge, reed and grasshopper warblers, thrushes, blackbirds and larks; what



W. Farren.

A PICTURE OF ABSOLUTE EASE.

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need to enumerate them? And beyond and above all the "bleating" of the snipe, while wafted from the awakening village is borne the scent of burning turf. Peculiar in smell to those only for whom it has no associations.

Although many snipe may be found nesting in company with lapwings and redshanks on the dry, grassy parts of the fen, they are far more partial to the boggy ground, favouring especially those parts where the familiar alternating lines of land and water tell of past turf digging. The long trenches from which the turf



W. Farren.

WALKING TO THE NEST.

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is dug soon fill with water, the edges of the intervening ridges fall away, widening the trenches and breaking the straightness of the lines. In early spring the green and yellow tips of coarse fen grasses peep up through all but the deepest water in the middle of the trenches, so that when the scene is viewed from a short distance there appears to be ample solid ground upon which one may walk dryshod. But although most of the ridges are fairly sound, in many parts they are covered with water often more than boot-top deep; the only thing to do is to go straight through, treading where it is possible in the middle of the grass tufts. In such places the need for keeping a good look-out for treacherous holes makes it difficult to mark the spot, seldom more than a dozen yards away, from which a snipe has risen.

The first snipe's nest I took was in a tuft of grass on one of these marshy ridges, and while I was photographing it I thought what an excellent thing it would be if one could but photograph a bird as wild as a snipe on her nest, and communicated my thought to a friend who was standing by. "Ah," he said, "but you are not nearly clever enough to do that." A fairly candid opinion which I was not inclined to combat, since at that time I had attempted little beyond photographing the nests of birds; so I contented myself with the rejoinder that I doubted whether cleverness was an important factor in photographing a snipe, but that given a nest placed not too far from a bush, or some other natural cover, I was quite prepared to spend a day or two on an attempt. I am inclined to an opinion that my friend's scepticism caused me to think the matter over more seriously than I might have done, and that it should be imputed to his credit that six weeks afterwards I spent nearly five hours kneeling in a decidedly soft and damp part of Wicken Fen a dozen yards from the nest of a belated snipe. The snipe was undergoing a novel experience—completing the hatching of her eggs with the disturbing influence of a camera barely 6ft. away. But any fear she may have felt was overridden by the warmth of maternal instinct, for five or six times she braved the terrors of the strange addition to her surroundings, and returned to the nest, having been frightened away by the noise caused by the fall of the focal plane shutter as triumphantly I made my exposures by means of a long pneumatic release. I fear that

not a little of the joy I felt was in anticipation of exhibiting the result to my sceptical friend. The development of the plates made me shudder to realise how near to failure I had been, for, owing to the dulness of the light—it was raining part of the time—all but one were hopelessly under-exposed. One negative did yield a passable print, which seemed very good to me then. Since that time I have taken the portraits of several snipe, better in every way; but the pleasure of a first experience can be realised but once in bird photography as in other things, so although it is but a poor thing at best, my first snipe photograph recalls more pleasant memories than any of its finer successors.

While photographing wild birds one notices considerable variations of temperament, not only between species and species, but also between different individuals of a species. Three years ago I met with a striking instance of this with two snipe whose nests were not more than 200yds. apart in a small marsh on the Cambridgeshire and Suffolk border. Similar bowers of branches in which I could work with my camera were erected at a distance of 6ft. from each nest. The first snipe proved an easy subject on the one occasion I was able to visit her. I had been delayed by working at various other nests during the day, and it was nearly half-past five in the evening before I had the camera fixed and myself concealed within the bower. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, I heard the flutter of the snipe's wings as she flew down close behind the bower.

Presently she came into view walking my right. She hardly hesitated, but crept through the grass on to her eggs. I gave her time to settle down; then in turning her head she caught sight of the lens for the first time, and with an expression not altogether devoid of alarm, remained quite still regarding it; so fearing that I might not have a better chance, I made an exposure of about a quarter of a second, using the silent shutter on the front of the camera. The snipe made no sign of having heard the shutter, but presently she flew up while I was changing the plate. Ground-nesting birds almost invariably approach their nests along the same track; so judging that the snipe's track was the line she took on the first occasion, I made a peephole



W. Farren.

MAKING HERSELF COMFORTABLE.

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in the right-hand side of the bower, through which I hoped to see her pass.

When the snipe left the nest, I do not think that she flew far away, but just dropped a short distance behind the bower, for after watching through the freshly made peephole for a few minutes I caught sight of her without having previously heard her fly down. She was walking by so close to the bower that she could not have been more than 18in. from my right arm. There was no hurry about her movements, and she seemed quite unconscious of

any cause for alarm, but picked her way slowly between the grass stems, now and then appearing to examine the ground as if for food; but I did not see her thrust her bill into the ground, although it was boggy. When she reached a point beyond which I could not see from my peephole, I carefully changed my position in order to watch the nest. Wishing to photograph the snipe if possible in a more restful attitude, I waited for fully five minutes after she was on the nest before making an exposure. But on this occasion she did not even turn her head to glance at the bower, but gathering the eggs comfortably under her breast feathers, presented a side view. It was a beautiful sight as she slowly and deliberately made herself comfortable; she thrust her long bill down among the grass, shook her wings loose, allowing them to hang, and separated the feathers of her back, giving an appearance of absolute ease and comfort. With the silent shutter I made an exposure which was probably nearly a second in duration, securing a photograph of the snipe in as natural an attitude as one could wish for. There is not the slightest trace of camera fright, that wide-eyed consciousness of something alarming so commonly seen in photographs of wild birds. The beautiful outline of the eyelid, elongated in the very slightest degree, with a suggestion of angularity in the upper line, is eloquent of repose. A week afterwards I again visited the marsh; but the snipe which had given me such excellent sittings had hatched her eggs and conducted her brood safely away. So I turned my attention to her neighbour, being desirous, if possible, to obtain studies of the bird walking to the nest. This snipe proved to be as nervous in her temperament as the other had been the reverse. I took up my position within the bower at 6.30 in the morning of May 5th. The snipe came readily enough to the nest at five minutes to seven, apparently without noticing the lens. As an attempt to photograph her walking to the nest would have necessitated my using the focal plane shutter, the noise of which just at first might unduly alarm and prevent her returning for a long time, I decided to allow her to settle on the nest and become accustomed to slight noises. Noticing that the effect of light and shade on the grass and the longitudinal stripes on the bird's back formed an excellent picture of protective harmony, I exposed a plate, using the silent shutter without alarming her. During the changing of the plate she took flight and flew off with much noise. Fearing from this that she might not stand much, I made the focal plane shutter ready to try a "drop" exposure on her return; a return, however, which did not take place, at least, during the hour and a-half that I waited. A snipe, probably the male, was "bleating" at intervals overhead; sometimes the two were flying together, for now and then I heard the "chack-wack" cries of two birds. During occasional periods of silence I waited hopefully, but in vain; so, not wishing to keep the snipe from her eggs too long, and having an appointment with a lesser grebe, whose portrait I was anxious to take, I crept out of the hiding-place shortly before nine. The snipe flew up not a dozen yards away, no doubt congratulating herself on the correctness of her nervous conviction that there was something unusual in the bower.

I made another trial three days after, and, judging from past experience that it would be wiser to make the most of the first chance, I tried a shot with the focal plane shutter as she was stepping into the nest within half-an-hour of my arrival. The effect upon the snipe gave fresh proof of her extreme nervousness; with a whining "scape" she sprang a yard in the air and dropped down beyond the nest. Lying with extended wings and elevated widespread tail, her long bill and neck stretched out and pressed flat on the grass, she gave utterance to plaintive whining notes such as I had never heard from a snipe before. For fully a minute she remained in this peculiar attitude. I have seen snipe just shot look very much as she did, lying as they fell with extended wings and tail, only in the case of the living bird the tail was considerably elevated. This was evidently a phase of the device

practised by many ground-nesting birds in which they appear to feign an injury in order to distract attention from their nests or broods to themselves. On only one other occasion have I witnessed anything of the kind on the part of a snipe, when I frightened one suddenly off her nest of eggs; this bird fluttered along through the grass, trailing her legs and wings. The snipe I was photographing flew away when she recovered from her nervous attack, and although I waited a considerable time she did not return until I left. For a long time I could hear her uttering the up and down note "chack-wack, chack-wack" (there are several distinct variations of this cry; when in flight a note is uttered which is better rendered "chack-aaah, chack-aaah"), and as it came repeatedly from one direction, I cautiously cleared a peephole near the top of the bower, through which I could see her standing on a slightly elevated bank about 20yds. away. Occasionally she glanced in the direction of the nest, but made no move towards it. Every now and then she "chack-wacked," and then I could see her bill working like long-bladed scissors. The one photograph I took turned out a failure owing to movement of the bird.

It is satisfactory that, in spite of the nervous trials of this snipe, she ultimately hatched off her brood. My failure with this bird postponed until April of 1905 the realisation of my ambition to photograph a snipe walking to its nest, when I spent an hour and a-half in the company of a snipe whose nerves troubled neither herself nor me. The nest was in the same marsh as those of 1904, and my means of concealment a bower of branches and hay, placed about 6ft. from the nest. The snipe was a most admirable subject for the camera, and, although I used a dozen plates, she never once flew away, but just walked off now and again when rendered suspicious by

slight noises. I secured photographs of her as she approached the nest, directly she arrived and was making herself comfortable, and also when comfortably settled. There was no need to use the focal plane shutter, as her movements were slow and deliberate, so that it was possible, even when she was walking to the nest, to give an exposure of about one-sixth of a second with the silent shutter. She became so accustomed to the slight noises caused by my manipulation



W. Farren.

SETTLED FOR THE NIGHT.

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of the camera that in order to make her leave the nest so that I might try a shot as she returned I found it necessary to ejaculate quite sharply. While she was on the nest I talked quietly and continuously to her, which seemed (as I have found with other birds) to have a soothng effect. When I emerged from the bower she flew around with her mate, who had been circling and bleating all the time, and before I left the marsh I saw the female settle on a high branch of a dead tree near the nest, which I found afterwards was her favourite perch. I knew from experience that snipe will occasionally perch on trees, so I was not so surprised as I otherwise should have been.

In this article I have not considered it necessary to advance any definite opinion as to how the snipe produces the bleating noise in its spring flights; the subject crops up in its season in popular natural history journals, and the old arguments are used in ascribing to it a vocal or a mechanical origin. Beyond a fairly strong conviction that the bleating is too inseparable from the temporary sidelong drop during the circling flight to be caused by any than mechanical means, but whether by wing or tail feathers, or both, I have no definite opinion. I am content to enjoy listening to it (as I hope to do within very few hours of penning these words) and accept it as part of the mysterious glamour surrounding this most fascinating of wildfowl.

WILLIAM FARREN.

[Since this was written I have witnessed an interesting and convincing demonstration proving how the bleating is produced. I will not anticipate the demonstrator who is preparing for publication his exhaustive investigation of the subject, except to state that the two outer tail feathers are solely responsible for the sound.]

SPANISH ASSES AT WOOTTON MANOR.



IN A PADDOCK.

THOSE who are familiar with the ass only as he is known in Great Britain, the moke of the costermonger and the kerry of the Scottish crofter, will probably look with surprise upon these pictures which we show to-day. In this country the ass has never been in general use, except as the least significant of our beasts of burden. He is bred so small that a moderately strong man could take a foal up in his arms. Indeed, there is a legend, which we believe to have been attested by eye-witnesses, that a Northern dwarf, famous for his strength, used in the old days of the tollbars to avoid payment of toll by taking his donkey and the cart it drew on his shoulders and carrying them bodily through the gates. But in other countries the ass occupies a much more important position, and that for two reasons. He is given much more serious work to do himself, and, in the second place, the jackass is largely used for the production of mules. Here in England the mule is a comparatively scarce beast, and our impression is that he is becoming scarcer every year. We remember that in childhood a very great number of neighbours possessed mules, and in going along the high road one would meet at least one mule for every score or so of horses. To-day only a man here and there possesses a mule, and it has become quite uncommon to meet one on the high road. Yet it is very certain that the mule has by no means gone out of use. There are tasks particularly well suited to it in various countries, and our experience in the South African War showed that this beast of

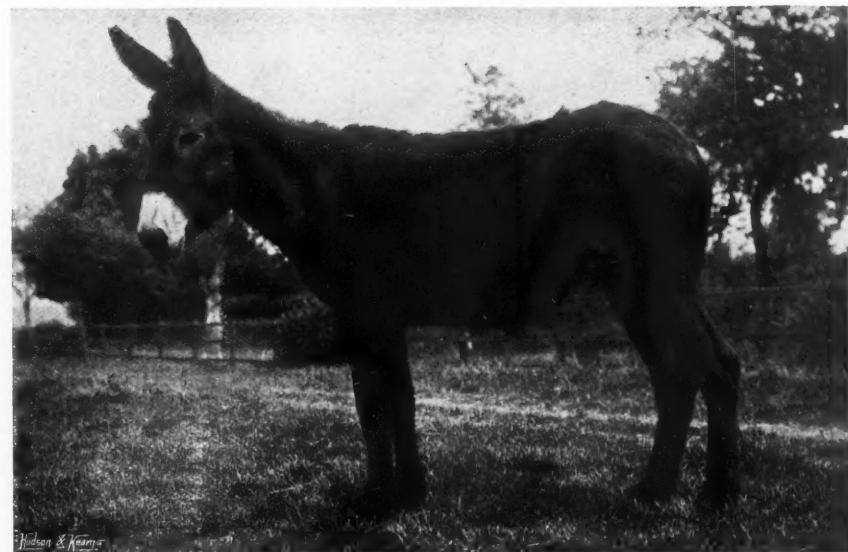
burden is very nearly indispensable to an army in the field, particularly in a hilly country, for he is tough, long enduring and sure footed. Now the natural sire of the mule is the jackass, and it follows inevitably that in order to obtain the best class of mule it is necessary to employ the services of as large a jackass as can be reared. Accordingly, in other countries much more attention has been paid to the breeding of asses than has been the case with us. Mr. H. Sessions, of whose animals we show photographs to-day, draws the imaginary mule line that extends north from the Equator and includes Africa and Europe up to the 45th degree of latitude; Asia and America as far as the 35th degree; on the south of the Equator he includes Africa, the northern half of Australia and South America as far as the 35th degree. It will be a matter for the statistician to determine approximately what is the vast number of mules that come into existence every year. In this country we cannot even realise what use can be made of the mule. In certain districts it is the aim of the breeder to obtain them of the largest possible size, some of them standing 16h. and 17h. high. The jackass to sire mules like this must be of great bone and substance, and the donkey is the only possible progenitor of the mule, as it seems to be a fixed rule in nature that mules cannot themselves propagate. Nor is this all that there is in the business of breeding mules. It is not every jackass who will pair with a horse mare. Many indeed refuse to do so, and only a few of the breed can be relied upon to serve that purpose. Even they will sometimes develop a dislike after having



A GOOD HEAD

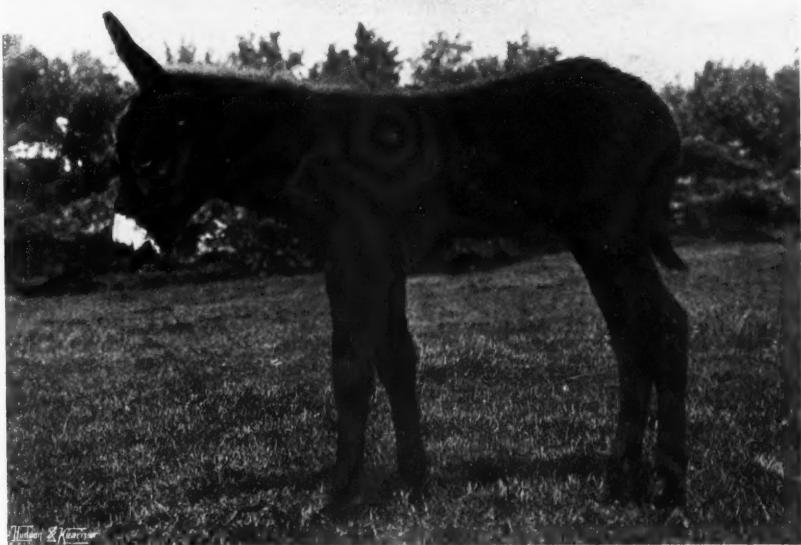
undergone a change of place. Thus it scarcely needs to be said that, the services of the good jackass being invaluable to the breeder of mules, he is held in high estimation, and hence while it is not uncommon for the ass to change hands with us at a very small cost indeed, the stud jackass commands a price that not infrequently runs into three figures. Mr. Sessions himself does not believe much in excessive size. He says a 14h. 2in. well-made jackass will breed mules better than a 16h. weedy animal. However, if he could get rid of the weediness, the size in itself would be an attraction. Of the breeds that are best for stud purposes, that of a Poitou may be regarded as the cart-horse type of ass. He is brown and shaggy, possessed of powerful limbs, great bone and feet and a good body. He stands from 13h. 3in. to 14h. 3in. high. These animals are bred and kept by the small proprietors in France, who set a very high value upon them. Every reader of Spanish literature knows that in Spain the mule has long been a favourite animal. The mere mention of the word calls to mind a figure of the sleek ecclesiastic rambling along on his mule. As a consequence, the breeding of jackasses to produce mules has long been an important business in Spain, which possesses a considerable number of breeds of donkey, of which the Catalonian and Andalusian are the best.

It is the black Catalonian which is most preferred for the purpose of mule-breeding. He is bred generally in the mountains, where, no doubt, a considerable amount of inbreeding takes place. This is given as a reason for the fact that when mated with an animal from a distance he gets bigger stock than larger jacks raised under different circumstances. This jackass was the progenitor of the well-known Kentucky donkey. It was during the early half of the nineteenth century that importations on a large scale were made by the United States from Catalonia. Some breeders have endeavoured to obtain an improvement by using a cross of Poitous with the Catalans. Great mules of Missouri and Kansas, with which



CLEOPATRA: SPANISH AND POITOU CROSS.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain have made us familiar, are the produce of those Kentucky jackasses. The weight and substance of these mules have often been the subject of remark. American breeders say that a Catalan 14h. 2in. high will produce as big a mule as an American jack of 15h., and in order to maintain the figure, character and quality of their studs, they keep on importing Catalan and Poitou jacks. Black jacks, and those of the very best, are bred to some extent in the Balearic Islands; but they are expensive, and there are not many of them. The Catalan type of jackass has also made its way into Morocco, though breeding there is not carried on very largely. In Andalusia a grey jackass is produced, of which Mr. Sessions has

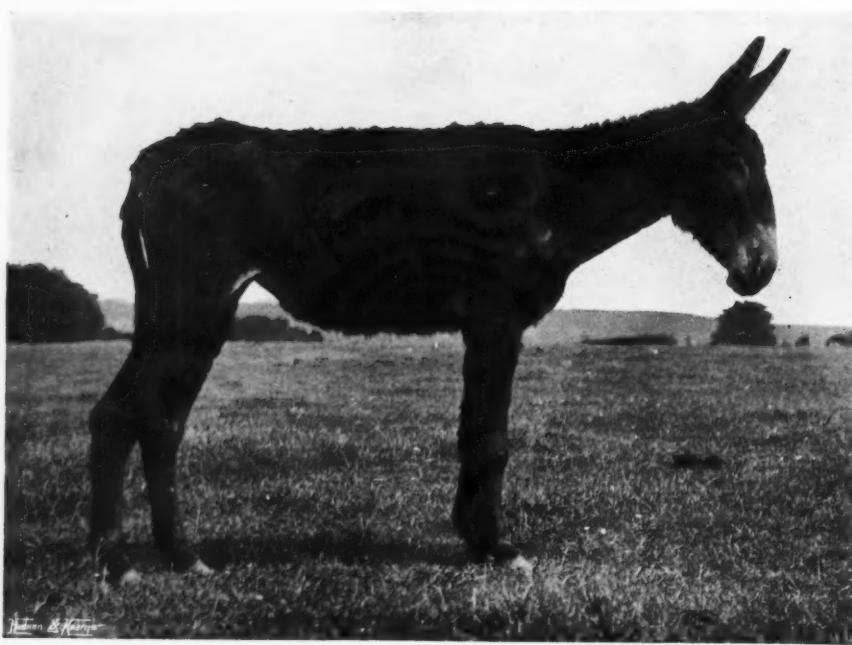


JUANITA'S FOAL BY DON ALFONSO.

possessed at least one very excellent specimen. Naturally we think of Egypt in connection with donkeys, as there never was a traveller returned from that mysterious land who had not stories to tell of journeys made on the back of a donkey. But Mr. Sessions does not hold a very high opinion of these animals. They are grey in colour, have not the stamina of the French and Spanish breeds and are not often used out of their own country. Occasionally they are brought to this country by visitors who have been struck by their appearance, which, of course, is superior to that of our native donkeys; but this is merely a fancy. The business men of Europe and America have no use for them as mule sires. Mr. Wingfield's polo donkeys are well known; they are Persian donkeys, very like the Egyptians in colour and size. In the southern part of Africa the native donkey is not very superior to that of England; but the demand both for donkeys and mules is so great that attempts have recently been made to improve the breed by introducing animals from Spain. It is curious that in Ireland the ass has for



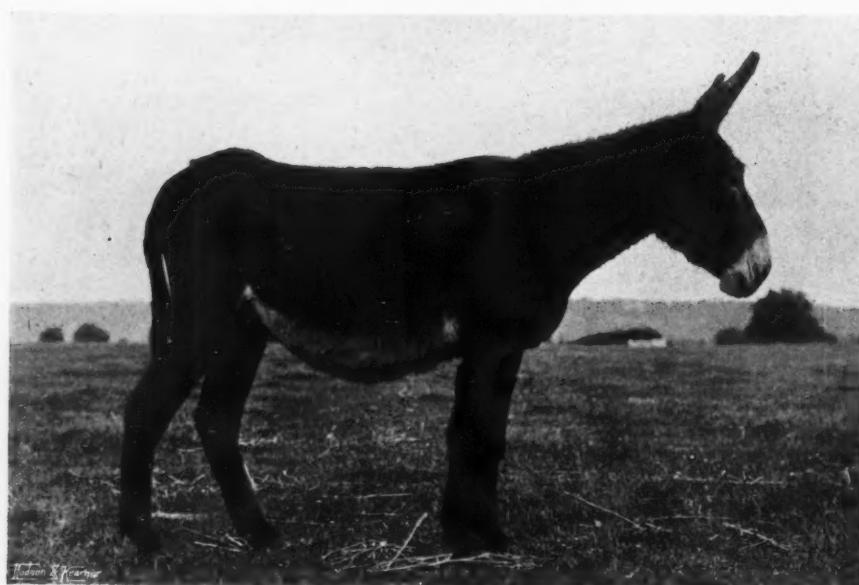
DON EDWARDO: TWO YEAR OLD BLACK SPANISH JACK.



MAJORCA · FROM THE BALEARIC ISLES.



JUANITA: BLACK SPANISH.



LADY ENA: BLACK SPANISH.

long been a favourite beast of burden. The girls and boys going to or returning from fairs and other gatherings on the back of a donkey, and Paddy smoking his dhudeen and driving his donkey-cart, are famous both in picture and story. The reason, of course, is obvious. Ireland is full of small holders, either tenants or owners, and the ass is the most economical animal for their purpose. But in the hands of little farmers the domestic beasts tend to become small. The Kerry cow, for instance, is one of the smallest cows in existence, and the donkey has deteriorated in size considerably, though recently an attempt has been made to improve the breed by crossing the native animals with jackasses of greater bone and quality. Mr. Sessions points out that this might be a profitable industry to the Irish farmers, as a good market could be opened in India and our Colonies, where the demand for good jacks will probably increase for many years to come.

THE UNEXPECTED WHICH HAPPENED.

IT was quite evident I was not to be in luck, for I had fished for about eight hours, during which time a trout of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. or so had allowed himself to be deceived by a Blue Hen, brought to within reach of the landing-net and, when triumph was about to favour the angler, had given an impudent sputter which gained for him his liberty. The creel seemed to be emptier than on any previous blank day, which was, perhaps, due to the fact that the trout had been rising extremely well in the earlier part of the day, without bringing any success to the somewhat tired, but by no means dispirited, fisherman who sat on the banks of the Tweed, with an April afternoon fast waning. I had given the brandling a trial, but with no satisfactory result; while the minnow, which I had just spun in the depths of the pool opposite for over an hour, found no fish hungry or, perhaps, I might say, bold enough to accept the dainty morsel. To make matters look more doleful, salmon, chiefly kelts, I presume, had been making a great show in almost every part of the river; but to the disciple of Izaak Walton it was quite evident that these monsters of the deep were just to be seen and not caught. I had but one consolation, and that was, that to have hooked and lost was better than never to have hooked at all. To sum up, I had travelled eight miles to spend a holiday, had believed by doing so that my expectations for very fair, if not good, sport would be realised to the full, and to counterbalance all this I had met with what I have already stated. It was five o'clock, and I had taken off my waders to make ready for a start to the station, half a mile distant, where I should be in nice time to catch the 5.35 p.m. train home. The socks had to be wrung out, and in order to do so I had gone to the edge of the water. What was that? A heavy splash, and a large silvery body disappeared below the surface of the water. Had I time for a few more casts? The sight of the fish, mingling with the knowledge that I had to get a train in a few minutes, caused excitement to run high. In a trice I had a minnow impaled on the spinner, and, seizing the rod, I whisked the bait well out into the pool. I fished carefully for about 5 min., and was just on the point of winding in the line to hasten to my train when I experienced that thrill that runs through the angler when he hooks a fish. It seemed somewhat strange to meet with this unexpected success. Although I knew it to be something heavy, I could not be exactly certain as to what species of fish was at the end of the line. I put on strain, but not too much, for my gut was fine, and my quarry was brought close to the side; but, although I could not see him, the water being too deep, he could evidently see me, for the line was taken from the reel in an instant, and the fish at the end of it commenced to bore his way up the pool to a rough stream, in which he found a welcome boulder, beneath which he lay as still as a rock, defying me to make him budge an inch. After waiting with impatience for a considerable time, and following upon severer pressure than I was wont to put on with my trout-rod, the fish gave a leap clear of the water worthy of a tarpon. At once I knew him for a grilse. Again and yet again he leapt, and I thought I would lose him at any moment. Then I tried to wind in my line to get more control over my fish, but to my horror I discovered it was with the greatest difficulty I could manage to make the reel revolve. There was nothing for it but to pull the line through the rod rings and allow it to hang loose. That he was

going to be a tough customer to deal with was clearly demonstrated by the way in which he fought. Now he would leap clear out of the water in pure ecstasy until he shone in the gradually-fading sunlight like a bar of silver; then he would rest for a minute, and anon dart away with the speed of lightning. Truly he was a handsome fish, and he taxed my powers to the utmost ere I had the satisfaction of seeing him lying helpless in a shallow whence I had no difficulty in lifting him ashore. The rest was easy, and how pleased I felt when he proved himself to be a fresh-run grilse, turning the scales at 5½ lb. ! Basketing him, I made a rush for my train, which I lost by a few seconds. It was very annoying, especially when I was informed that there would not be another until 8.20 p.m. ; so, this being the case, I decided to walk to my destination. That it was very annoying to miss one's train by a few seconds was an undoubted fact; but a moment's thought and reflection reminded me that the creel was not now empty, and that the few extra casts, which had been the means of causing me to take the road, had been well expended, for they had turned a forlorn hope into a feeling of profound happiness.

W. SORLEY FROWN.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE HARDY LADY'S SLIPPERS.

ABUNCH of the beautiful Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium Calceolus*) is a reminder of that interesting race of hardy Orchids, never rarer than in the bog garden, which we described recently. Probably no group of Orchids is more familiar than the *Cypripedium*, whether the *Cypripedium of the Tropics*, of the North American wilds or of our own country, where it is eagerly sought for by the collector. Unhappily, as with so many of the rarer and more beautiful wild flowers, the hardy Orchids are rapidly becoming extinct, and the writer never, even to an intimate flower-loving friend, betrays the whereabouts of any uncommon wilding. We know where the Bee Orchis flourishes, its little bee-like, velvety flowers a delight to watch, and the *Haemaris* scents the wind of early summer; but they are left in peace to increase and give joy to the few who know of their homes on the chalky downside. The writer has grown most of the *Cypripediums*, and the species that has first place in his affections is *C. spectabile*, which is as beautiful in colour and in form as any of the much-praised kinds from the Tropics. The place for it is a peaty, moist, but not water-logged bed, where the white *Trillium* and flowers that appreciate a moist soil and half shade flourish. It is a pretty flower, with a large rosy lip and sepals and petals, and strong, pointed, pale green foliage, which is in happy association with the bloom. A variety of it named *alba* is quite white, but we have a warmer regard for the species with the rosy cheeks. All the hardy *Cypripediums* appreciate a moist bed, such as the bog garden should afford, and shelter from the hot midday sun and from cold winds. Give them for soil loam and peat, well-decayed manure and some sphagnum moss, the latter to retain the moisture without preventing it passing freely away. A perpetual slush will rot the roots; there is a great difference between a moist and wet, badly-drained soil, and the plants will show this in their growth.

OTHER BEAUTIFUL LADY'S SLIPPERS.

Having started with *Cypripedium spectabile*, or the Moccasin-flower, as it is popularly called, a desire will probably arise for others of the same family; and the second species that most appeals to the writer is *C. parviflorum*, also an Orchid from North America and quite distinct from *spectabile*. In this case there is a pretty harmony of brown and yellow, a sweet fragrance and quaintly twisted petals. A gem is *C. californicum*, which, as the name suggests, comes from California. This has been exhibited on more than one occasion of late, and has always attracted attention. It is not showy, but the little flowers of cream and greenish yellow colour have a quiet beauty; they are borne several together on a stem about a foot in length, and if they were less numerous would be probably almost unnoticed. *C. guttatum* is grown frequently in the bog garden, and we find that it must not have much moisture in winter. Its flowers are extremely beautiful, snow white, relieved by blotches of purple rose. *C. macranthum*, from Siberia, is deep purple; *C. pubescens*, pale yellow; *C. acutum*, rose purple; *C. arietinum*, a charming little species with green and brown sepals and petals and reddish lip; *C. candidum*, of similar colouring except for the white pouch, labellum, or lip, as it is variously called; *C. japonicum*, from Japan, crimson and white; our native *C. Calceolus*, one of the prettiest of all; and *C. montanum*, purplish brown and white. All the *Cypripediums* are a success in pots, and where the outdoor garden does not offer facilities

for their culture a cold greenhouse or frame will give the necessary protection. Charming Orchids for pots and the open garden wherever the soil is moist and peaty are the Orchises mentioned in our last issue.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HOING.

During the summer months the hoe should be kept busily at work. Hoeing is an operation that has a greater bearing, on the successful cultivation of vegetables in particular, than the gardener is aware, and for the reason that it keeps the moisture in the soil, sweetens it and promotes greater activity of the roots. Apart from these great considerations, there is the pleasant fact that well-hoed ground is innocent of weeds. We never water any crop unless the weather is so dry that such is necessary to save the plants; but hoe diligently, then use the water-can freely when occasion arises. Once one begins to water in prolonged drought, it must be kept up, and always avoid what is known as a "caked" surface—that is, a surface which is so solid as to be almost impervious to water, whether from the can or the sky. As a well-known horticulturist says: "The hoe serves a double purpose—it aerates and keeps the soil moist and eradicates weeds; in fact, it must be classed as one of the most useful tools the gardener has. By its aid the ground is kept clean and in the condition best suited to the needs of the growing crops."

RANDOM NOTES.

The Rose Maggot.—Only by the closest care and attention have we saved our Roses this year, never having experienced so severe a plague. Each day the bushes have been examined, and hundreds of the marauders, in

various stages, crushed between finger and thumb. The grubs curl themselves in the leaves and young growths, and soon destroy them, not omitting the buds also. There is no remedy except the personal application of finger and thumb, as any insecticides given would be too strong to kill them without destroying the leaf or shoot too. Patient search has its reward, and we have committed great slaughter, with the happy result that the Roses are as fresh as the queenly flower should be in the drowsy, fragrant summer days when all the garden is "blowing."

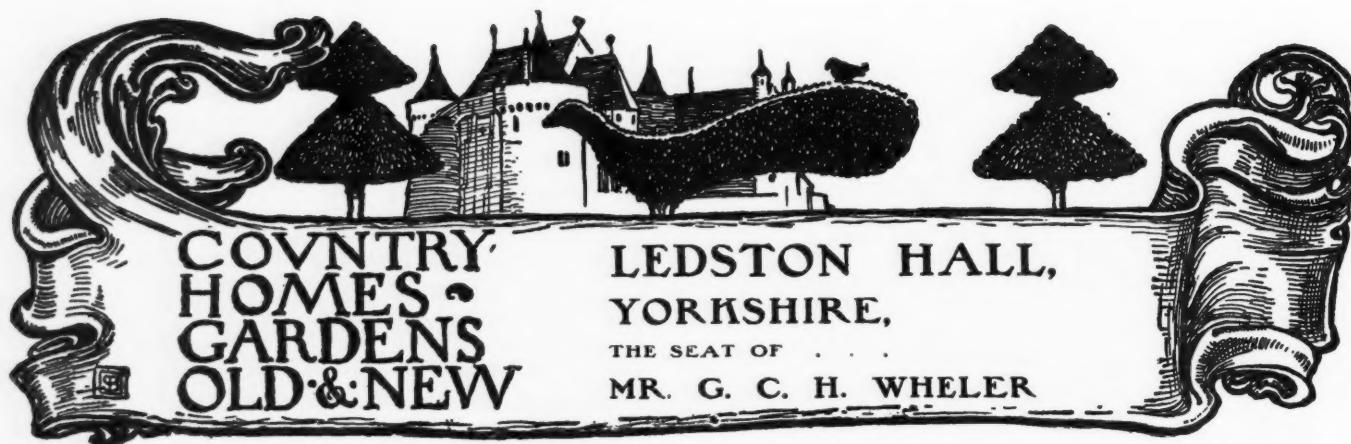
Siberian Iris Snow Queen.—A beautiful variety of *Iris sibirica* was shown recently by Messrs. Wallace and Co. of Colchester; it was named Snow Queen, and it could not have been more appropriately christened. The flower is as white as a snow-drift, large of its kind, and relieved only by a faint yellow suffusion at the base. It is a lovely Iris and a peerless flower for the water-side, bog garden, or anywhere where the soil is not very dry. We well remember the species by a pondside in the Wisley garden of the Royal Horticultural Society. It was planted by the late Mr. G. F. Wilson as the forerunner to the Japanese Iris, which made trails of beautiful and varied colouring a few weeks later. The Siberian Iris grows abundantly, sending up its Rush-like leaves in abundance, and above them the clear blue flowers, a shimmering of blue as sweet to look upon as our native Flag by the brook and river brim. A white kind was already in existence, but Snow Queen is whiter and larger, without losing in grace.

Flowers for Cutting in July.—We were reading the recently published book of Miss Jekyll a few days ago, and in the chapter on July, page 33, the value of flowers of yellow colouring is referred to. Nothing to our mind

exceeds the beauty of bows of Sweet Peas or the tall stems of *Coreopsis lanceolata*—the flower of the clearest yellow colour poised on graceful and abundant stems. Besides the *Coreopsis*, brilliant and long lasting, as it is well described, *Buphthalmum*, the yellow Spanish Broom, *Helenium pumilum*, *Anthemis tinctoria* in several shades of yellow, and *Guillardia* are also mentioned. The author points out that "in choosing *Gaillardia* in a nursery, the perfection of the red ring in the centre of the flower should be noticed. There are many variations, but there is just one point where the width of the ring gives just the best brightness to the flower. Where this red belt is unduly widened the flower becomes dull and heavy. Among the best of cutting flowers, beautiful and long lasting, are the *Alstroemerias*, both the yellow and the orange, *A. aurea*, and in its better variety, *A. aurantiaca*, and the variously-coloured *A. chilensis*. These vary in tinting from pinkish white or flesh colour, through soft yellow, orange and charming shades of full and rosy pink, to red. All the colourings go well together. They have no effective foliage of their own, but look extremely well with a few bold leaves of *Funkia Sieboldii*. The lovely white Madonna Lily is, alas! too strongly scented for a room. The early-flowering *Gladioli*, the white variety of *G. Colvillei*, The Bride, the variously marked and tinted kinds of *G. ramosa* and one or two others of this class are excellent room flowers. The bulbs are cheap, and they should be grown in quantity for cutting. Sweet Peas should be cut in whole sprays as well as single blooms. The number of varieties is now so great that it is easy to choose from among them those that will make the best colour harmonies, such as lavender and white together, salmon and salmon red, rose, white and pale pink."



WHITE LILIES (*LILIUM CANDIDUM*).



THE very impressive house of Ledston has, as all may see, a dignity and character all its own. It stands upon the brow of an elevated ridge, below which lies the rich alluvial land through which the river Aire, joined at Castleford by the Calder, flows out into the broad open plain of the Vale of York. It is a country which, if it could speak, would recount much of history, for the Roman legionaries marched along the road from Legiolium (Castleford), where was the most easterly ford across the Aire, within a mile of Ledston, to Calcaria (Tadcaster), and thence to Eboracum (York). Probably upon the hill at Ledston there was a permanent outlook post; but, if so, all traces of earthworks have been lost in the terracing of the gardens. After the Conquest the manor was in the hands of Ilbert de Lacy, who belonged to the great baronial family which founded Pontefract Castle and Kirkstall Abbey. This Ilbert is supposed to have founded Ledsham church, in which much Norman work still remains. After a few generations Ledston—or Ledsham, for the village now has the latter name—reverted to the Crown, and in the time of Edward I. free warren in the place was granted to Prior Godfrey of Pontefract. Probably Ledston remained ecclesiastical property until the dissolution of the monasteries, when it again reverted to the Crown. The place was granted by Edward VI. to the Earl of

Shrewsbury, but this nobleman alienated it to Henry Witham, whose family appear to have been tenants of the manor under the Priory. The grant was confirmed to the Withams in the third year of Philip and Mary, and shortly afterwards the present south-west front was built by Henry Witham, the date 1588, memorable in our history, with the initials H. W., and W. W. below, being carved in two places. It seems extremely probable that the house was then a quadrangle, with angles, towers and a courtyard in the centre.

The Withams held the manor for three generations, when another Henry Witham sold it, in 1639, to Thomas Wentworth, the celebrated Earl of Strafford, who was born in 1593, raised to the peerage in 1628, lived his strenuous life and was executed in May, 1641. There is no evidence that he ever resided at Ledston, but it is believed that during his possession he added much to the great and stately edifice in which the Withams had lived. It did not remain long with his family, for the second Earl of Strafford sold the house to Sir John Lewis of Marr, near Doncaster, who gradually formed a large property at Ledston. This gentleman was one of the pioneers of the East India trade, and amassed an enormous fortune. Camden says he was a friend of the King of Persia, "who much delighted in his company," and presented him with much jewellery.



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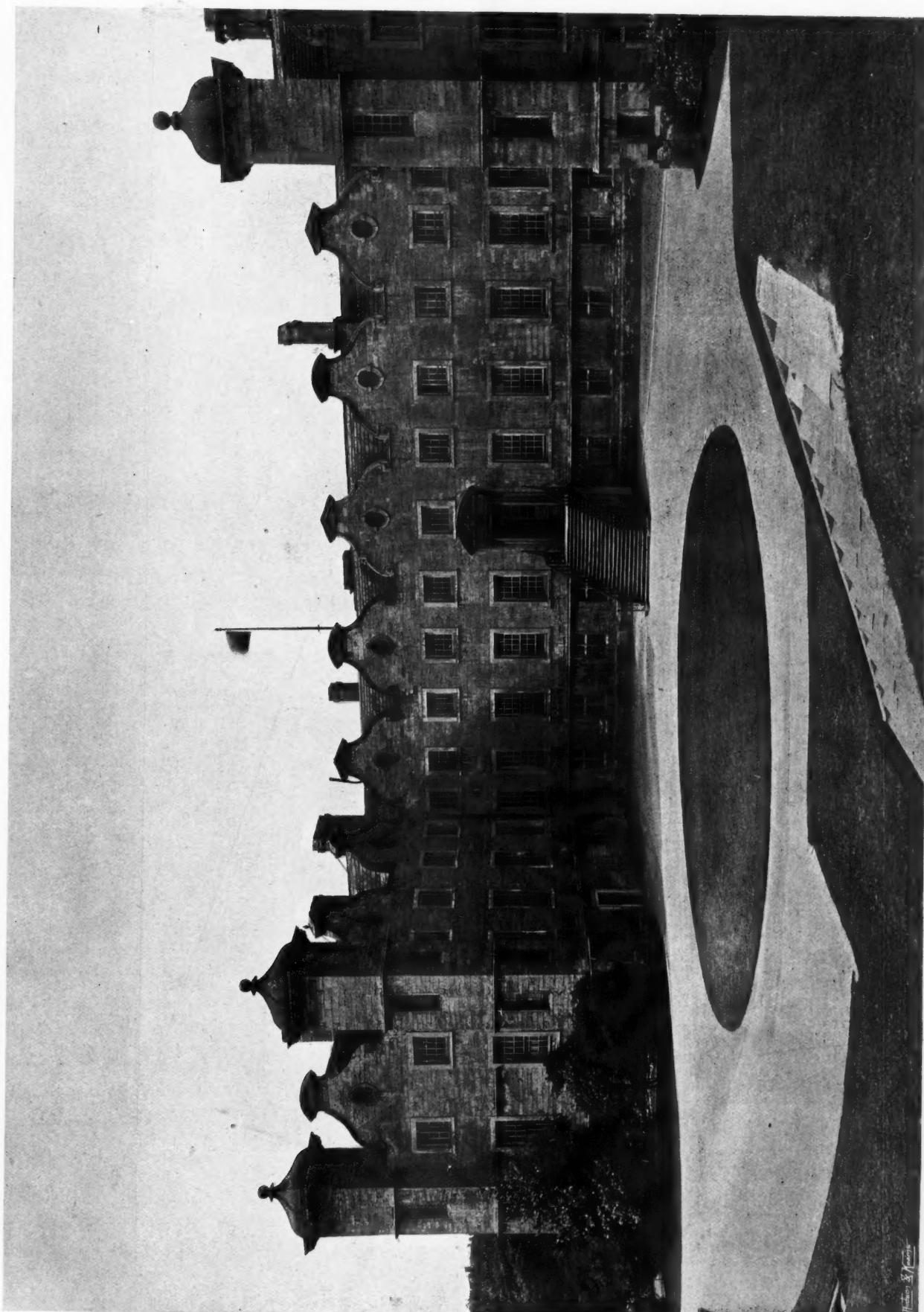
THE FRONTS: FACING WEST.

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PART OF THE EAST FRONT.

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TWO PERIODS OF ARCHITECTURE: FROM KITCHEN GARDEN.

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THE TWO WINGS.

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This gentleman, according to Thoresby, carried on the work which Strafford had begun, and completed the house as it stands, laying out the gardens, forming the terraces and enclosing the park on the north side, which he surrounded with a substantial wall, adding to it a fine lodge, over the entrance gate of which his arms may be seen, as also inside and outside the hall. This Sir John Lewis, who was raised to the baronetcy in 1660, founded a hospital for old people at Ledsham. He left no son to inherit his properties, but his eldest daughter and co-heiress Elizabeth married Theophilus Hastings, seventh Earl of Huntingdon, and carried the Ledston estate with her into that family. Huntingdon, who was a Privy Councillor of Charles II. and James II., was captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners and colonel of the 13th Foot up to the Revolution of 1688. He held many other offices, but at the Revolution was deprived of them all, being one of the six noblemen excluded from the Act of Indemnity. His faithful adherence to the Stuarts caused him to be confined on suspicion in the Tower in 1692. In 1701 he was one of the protesters against the Act of Settlement. He had married the daughter of Sir John Lewis in 1672, and she died in 1689. This lady was the mother of George, eighth Earl of Huntingdon, a soldier who distinguished himself under Marlborough; but Ledston Hall remained in the hands of her daughter, Lady Betty Hastings, who by her charities enriched many churches in the West Riding. She left large legacies to Queen's College,



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THE GATEHOUSE.

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Oxford, and a considerable part of her grandfather's property went to charitable institutions. She seems to have lived in high state at Ledston, and her work there was the completion of the gardens and the beautifying of the interior of the house. Her life was one of practical benevolence, and in the church of Ledsham her figure may be seen on a sarcophagus reclining and reading a book, with an epitaph which is a tribute to her many virtues, while on either side stand figures of her sisters, Ladies Frances and



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EAST LAWNS.

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HALF OF THE EAST FRONT.

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Anne Hastings. Lady Betty died in 1739, and after her death not much care was bestowed upon the house for some time. She left it to the heirs male of her half-brother, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, and to their heirs male, and after them to the descendants of her half-sister, Lady Catherine, the wife of the Rev. Granville Wheeler, the son of Sir George Wheeler, who was knighted by King Charles II. in return for his researches and

travels. Neither the ninth nor the tenth Earls lived at Ledston, but let it, among others, to Mr. Christopher Wilson, a father of the English Turl. He, evidently having a very free lease, swept away the alleys, the clipped hedges and the statuary with which Lady Betty had made the surroundings of the house so beautiful, doing this in order that he might form paddocks for his colts. The rockery is now almost composed of the broken remains of

the statues that once stood in the grounds, and of the trees that surround the house the majority would have been cut down by order of the tenth Earl had he not been restrained by an order in Chancery as being only a tenant for life. After his death in 1789, being the last male heir of the old line of Hastings, the property reverted to the descendants of Lady Catherine Wheeler, whose great-great-grandson is the present possessor.

The story of the descent of landed properties in England is one of very great interest, and only those who have investigated the history of large estates are aware how great is the element of permanence in their descent and inheritance. This is no doubt due to a very great extent to the law of primogeniture, to which we owe in no small degree the maintenance of great estates and the care that has been bestowed upon ancient dwelling-places. When they have passed by sale instead of by inheritance, they have generally been bought by those who admired them, and who, in possessing them, had the purpose of



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

beautifying and maintaining them, so that the cases have been, we may say, comparatively few in which fine estates have been broken up, or have been allowed to fall into decay. Of this large class of estates Ledston is an example, though it may have been at one time in peril. Built by an old country family, it was sold to a great Englishman who did much to make it what it is, then was sold again to one who further adorned it, and afterwards it passed by inheritance to those whose delight it has been, with one or two exceptions, to beautify and maintain it.

No one can look at the pictures of Ledston Hall which accompany this description without recognising its distinguished and original character. Undoubtedly, it presents to us a bold conception in architectural design, and striking features in its structural plan. Probably the high and commanding situation inspired the original architect to raise upon the spot a building which should impress the beholder from afar, and certainly in later hands its impressive dignity has grown. The entrance gateway is as characteristic and individualised as any other part of the building. It is a rusticated entrance lodge of

edifice; but the play of light and shade is very wonderful and not less attractive, while the contrast between the cool hue of the stone and the rich green of the foliage is most beautiful. There is, indeed, something of majesty in the structure that reminds us of the best work of Vanbrugh. The ground rises on this side of the house in attractive grass terraces to green lawns bordered by umbrageous masses of fine trees. The south front is also very notable, but simpler in style than the east side, with pointed gables, and ivy and flowering plants have here been encouraged to clothe the lower walls, in contrast to the gay flower garden which is spread out in bold and simple colour effects before them. But perhaps the most attractive frontage is that on the west, where is a high terrace which commands a magnificent prospect over the country, and is never so beautiful as when the setting sun is reflected from the windows, and gives a golden hue to the greyness of the walls and kindles to glorious splendour the rich masses of trees on the north. Here fruit trees climb up the sunny terrace wall, to where beautifully-sculptured urns margin the upper wall. To linger upon this elevated terrace,



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THE UPPER TERRACE.

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grey old stone with a curvilinear pediment, and urns and a shield of the arms of Lewis, while the twin lodges flanking the gate are placed at angles in a very pleasing and effective manner. The main frontage of the house is now set about a hollow quadrangle. The doorway is in the middle, reached by the singular flight of steps which is seen in the pictures, and the great size and dignity of the structure obviously mark out Ledston as a house that deserves a notable place in English architecture.

We do not refer it to any one period of architectural design, for the features of at least two styles are to be noted in it. In the basement storey are mullioned windows of the Elizabethan form which are so familiar; but above these rises the lofty grey wall where is the entrance on the first floor, reached by the fine flight of steps, and here we have the square windows and small panes, the details of the doorway and the curvilinear gables which belong to a later time. The wings stand out from the main structure in massive solidity, and have angle turrets pierced by narrow windows and crested by low cupolas. The grand grouping of the house compels admiration, and the grey stonework lends an impressive character to the severe lines of the

where the seventeenth century seems still to be, when the shadows lengthen in the golden glory, is truly a delightful experience. The combinations of structural quaintness, with the rare charm of old stonework in the low wall, and the weather-worn urns, with the level turf and the green surroundings of the landscape bathed in the level beams of the sun, bestow a character which words are inadequate to describe. Here do we feel that these many owners of Ledston must, indeed, have delighted to adorn and make more beautiful this quaint and original possession. The garden-house is itself an attractive feature, and adds much to the charm of this beautiful terrace, while, as to the house itself, with its old mullioned windows, fine string-courses and quaint gables and turrets, it has a picturesque character which will be realised by those who enjoy the beauties of the pictures that accompany this article.

Then there is a descent from the terrace by green slopes and a long flight of steps and by a gravel pathway to a quaint old circular basin, and on both sides there are the garden beauties of freely-flowering roses, and many a hardy denizen often found in such old pleasaunces. Looking backward, the old house is

seen rising finely above the terrace wall up which the fruit trees are trained, and the picture is one not to be forgotten. There is nothing more to be said concerning Ledston Hall, but the

reflection forces itself upon us that the country is fortunate which possesses throughout the shires such fine estates and beautiful old houses as this.

THE PRIORY OF BINHAM.

IN the near neighbourhood of Walsingham in Norfolk—once the famous shrine of England—there stands, surrounded by pasture and cornland, the ancient priory of Binham, once an extensive and thriving establishment, but now only a picturesque ruin, in all save its ancient Norman nave, which from time immemorial has served as the parish church of the village. Had it not been for the close proximity

of Walsingham, Binham Priory would probably have become more famous than it did; but there was no contending against such a popular miracle three miles away, and doubtless the monks of Binham lacked originality or were behindhand in devising a counter-attraction. The foundation of the Priory dates somewhere before the year 1093; it was a cell of St. Albans of the Order of the Benedictines, and the number of its monks



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THE BINHAM ABBEY FONT.

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A MADRIGAL IN STONE.

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was ordered to be no less than eight. The founders were a Peter de Valoines and Alreda his wife, the former being a nephew of the Conqueror. The precincts of the Priory are entered by a ruined gateway, of which little more than its ground floor is left standing, and the church, surrounded by ruins, stands in a large and undulating meadow of many acres in extent, watered by the old trout stream of the Priory. The whole scene is picturesque and somewhat unexpected, for although in the distance the Norman nave that forms the church is seen to be of some size, yet it promises little as to the fine detail that is discovered on a nearer view. The great west window, which was once very fine, is blocked up, but the arcading below it has a beautiful façade of Early English work, the arches and details being highly finished, and almost as sharp and clear cut as if carved a few years back. The aisles of the nave are in ruins, but the Early English work of the façade scarcely prepares the visitor to step into a tall Norman building some goft. long, and composed of seven bays of Early Norman arches, with a triforium and clerestory, the last of which is of the same arrangement, though smaller, as the clerestory in Norwich Cathedral, or the transept of Winchester.

vision of a line of figures in cowl and habit "a-fishing for Friday's meal" in the same green meadow with the Prior's mill a little further down stream. Peaceful and quiet as this spot appears, with much of the romance and pathos that hangs about ruined abbeys, it is known to have had its turmoils and disturbances, and Binham Priory some hundred and ten years after its foundation came in for a scene very different from the picture it suggests to-day, for it tell about that one Thomas, a Prior, was deposed by the Abbot of St. Albans, chiefly because he had sided with Robert Lord Fitzwalter in a squabble about the ownership of a wood. The noble lord demanded his reinstatement, and it is said produced a false deed of patronage as his authority. The Abbot refused to alter his decision, whereupon Fitzwalter, being a soldier of the period and no trifler in action, promptly besieged Binham with a strong force. The monks and their retainers managed with great difficulty to keep the besiegers at bay, the place no doubt being capable of a limited resistance; but they were reduced to great straits, being obliged to eat bran bread and drink rain water, and doubtless things would have terminated badly had not King John heard of these proceedings, whereat the



F. H. Evans.

THE WEST FRONT.

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The effect of the interior is naturally marred by no aisles being seen on either side, for a wall was in the past built up behind the Norman arches to enclose the church, likewise at the eastern extremity of the building, which was once composed of nine bays, and had the conventional church beyond, adding vista and beauty to the whole.

At the Reformation, Binham Priory experienced the ruin of all such buildings in the general deluge which followed; the church and choir of the monks fell into ruin, the great central tower, chapels, transepts and all else that make up the details of a monastery, the cloisters, chapter-house and offices, became utterly dilapidated, and the uneven ground and fragments of wall, together with high grass-clad mounds, only are left to show where such places once stood. The ivy-clad ruins still have details of architecture about them that give the key to their former state, and certainly emphasise the fact that Binham had all the dignity usually found in Norman buildings. The green expanse of meadow-land that surrounds the ruined Priory, and through which the stream meanders, can be little changed since the day when the building stood there in all its completeness and beauty, and the mind can well conjure up a

monarch waxed very wrath, swearing "per pedes dei" that he or Fitzwalter must be King of England, and demanded if anyone about him had heard of such-like proceedings in a Christian land and in peaceful times, to all of which the answer is not recorded. A Royal force was marched to Binham, the siege was raised, and Fitzwalter found he had pressing business elsewhere; but one Fitzwilliam, a friend of his, who had kindly lent him a hand in the siege, was taken, and was later sufficiently sorry for himself to present a silver-gilt cup to St. Albans as a propitiatory offering, whereas Lord Fitzwalter made no such offering, and there is no record that he felt any regrets of the like nature. He died in the reign of Henry III., apparently none the worse for the *contretemps*.

After this disturbance, the Priory apparently waxed rich; its west end was rebuilt, besides its gate and other details, in the then prevailing style of Early English, the brethren having evidently found a means to turn their misfortunes to account, and this prosperity appears to have continued for some time, judging from the renovations in different styles of architecture. At the Dissolution, however, they only mustered a Prior and six monks, which shows a great change in the fortunes of the house; these few were suppressed, and the site granted to Thomas, fifth son of

Sir William Paston, in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. Later it fell about that Edward Paston, the son of Thomas, thought that as such an amount of material lay conveniently to hand for building, he might just as well erect a mansion there as anywhere else, and proceeded to do so; but in the course of the process of pulling down, a wall fell unexpectedly and killed a workman, an incident that sorely perplexed Edward Paston, who, considering it in the guise of a judgment, built elsewhere, and never could be persuaded to defy the augury. The nave of Binham Priory would have undoubtedly shared the fate of the rest of the building had it not been used as the parish church from ancient times, and such scanty furniture as remains is sufficient to show it was once well appointed, for there are a few stalls and misereres left, and some fine benches of which the poppy heads, carved backs and small but mutilated figures which ornament them, show they were once fine work, fashioned by skilful hands; they have likewise much resemblance to some others in the neighbourhood, and probably were by the same artist. The rood-screen has long been displaced from its old site and the upper work has gone. At the Reformation its richly-decorated panels were daubed over with white paint, and texts of scripture painted upon them from Tyndall's version.

Some of the saints are in part visible through the white paint, and among them is Henry VI. crowned, with orb and sceptre, but no nimbus. The font must once have been one among the fine examples of its kind, but the Puritans have wrecked it with a vengeance. There are the remains of eight statues round its pedestal, and it once possessed as many more, which have been destroyed. On the panels that depict the seven sacraments can be distinguished the baptism of Our Lord in the river Jordan, but these together with the others, are badly shattered. The carving, figures and arrangement show that before its desecration it was a delicate piece of refined carving and composition, brutally vandalised by the fanatics of a later day.

Locally, tradition not infrequently assumes that the ruin and destruction of such places as Binham, or such objects as a mutilated font, are the work of Oliver Cromwell, the ogre of mischief with East Anglian country-folk, who must be in many cases the descendants of the men who held his performances and those of the Puritans as nothing short of the beauty of holiness, and to those who wish to read a chapter on the mutability of human affairs and human opinions an examination of the Priory of Binham will scarcely fail to furnish an eloquent text.

SHOOTING.

PHEASANT-REARING ON THE GLEVERING PARK ESTATE.

GLEVERING PARK, where the accompanying photographs were recently taken, has for many years now been noted for the large number of pheasants reared there annually. For a long time the shooting, which adjoined his own estate, Easton Park, was in the hands of the late Duke of Hamilton, and since its acquirement by Mr. Heywood, its present owner, the same high standard of game preservation has been maintained. There has been a vast improvement in the ways and means of pheasant-rearing within the writer's own recollection, and the present generation of game-rearers have certainly a good deal to thank the late Maharajah Duleep Singh for, in that he started pheasant-rearing on economical lines, to say nothing of his being the originator of the game farm, a feature which has developed enormously of late years. Before his time, the places where one could buy game eggs which were honestly acquired did not exist, and although game farms have no doubt done away with the temptation to gentlemen to buy

eggs from a doubtful source, there is still, unfortunately, a great deal of egg-stealing going on, so someone must still buy them. In the writer's opinion, on a well-managed shooting, such as the one in question, there is no need at all to buy eggs, the practice here being to buy cock pheasants of recognised breeds and turn them into the pheasantry with the ordinary hens, an ample stock of which are left from the previous year, and with partridges a certain number of eggs are exchanged with neighbours every season, four or five being put into different nests; in this way a constant change of blood is secured.

In the very good photograph of sitting-boxes depicted, the space devoted to them is open to the air, and is surrounded with a boarded fence high enough to keep out marauders of all sorts, and, the boxes having no bottoms, the nest is made on the bare earth. In the writer's early recollections these boxes were crowded in tiers in a shed of some sort, roofed and with very little air; the hens had to be taken off for feeding one



THE KEEFERS' HUTS FOR COOKING AND MIXING FOOD

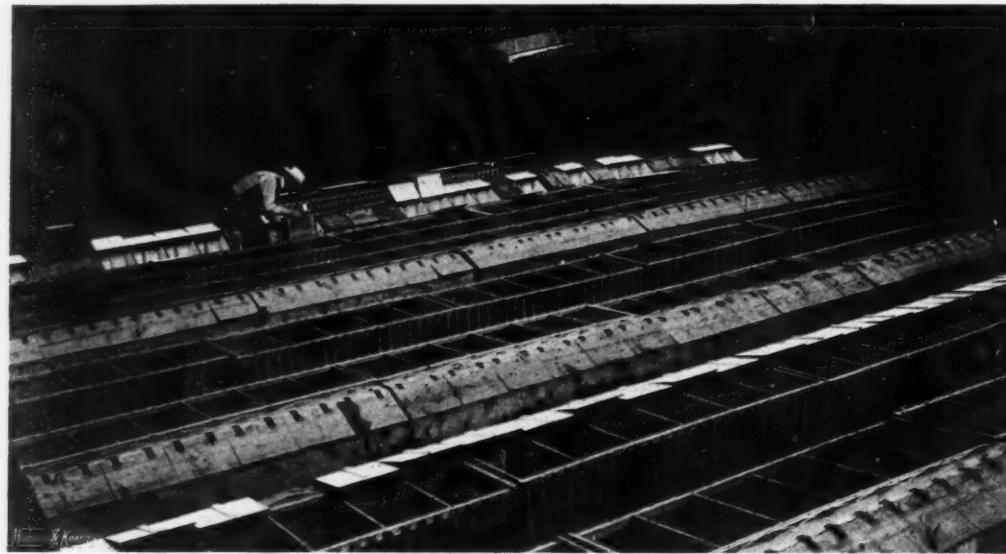


PHEASANT CHICKS JUST HATCHED.

by one, and tethered by the leg with a string to a stake. This with any quantity was a slow and tedious business, and what a lot of fleas accumulated in these sheds! No wonder under these conditions that there was always a serious loss from hens leaving their eggs. At Stetchworth Park, near Newmarket, one year the keeper, in burning an old nest, accidentally set fire to one of these places, which contained his whole stock for the season—a catastrophe

estates such as Glevering, which have so far escaped this scourge, should be extremely careful not to import it by introducing infected sitting hens. At Glevering a contract is entered into with a poultry farmer to supply sitting hens direct from his farm. How often, on the other hand, where this forethought is not practised, the keeper, in a hurry to get his eggs down, goes the round of the nearest town and villages taking hens from close runs often kept under the most filthy conditions; and what wonder then when an outbreak of disease occurs! I am assured that pheasants are extremely susceptible to the diseases of fowls, and much more so than the fowls themselves.

With regard to the feeding of young pheasants, there are now so many different meals, etc., to be procured (and every keeper has his pet specific), that it is hardly necessary to dwell on this subject. In olden days rabbits boiled and chopped up fine, supplemented by liver and greaves, the latter in those days most poisonous stuff, took the place of the necessary insect diet. All this has now given way to meat crissel, which is used largely at Glevering, and with a quarter of the labour required before. The giving of water is a vexed question among many pheasant-rearers; while the birds are young and fed on soft food no doubt it is not necessary, but after this the



SITTING-BOXES AND RUNS FOR FEEDING HENS.

which could hardly occur under modern conditions, and, there being then no game farms, pheasant-shooting had to be given up for that season altogether. Owing to the recent showery weather a lot of grass had grown up in Glevering Park, and as the young pheasant is an extremely shy bird, especially when there are strangers about, it was an impossibility to obtain a photograph showing any quantity about the coops; but it was evident that they had done extremely well, not a sign of a weak or sickly one, which latter are always to be seen near the coop. It is somewhat of a strange thing that, although for many years past pheasants have been reared in this park, and frequently on actually the same ground, there has never been any disease.

There is no doubt that enteric, the prevailing disease among young pheasants, is identical in some respects with the disease which affects the human race, *i.e.*, in its communication from one to another. In a house or village, however badly drained it may be, one does not take typhoid unless there has at some period been a case imported; so it is with pheasants, and

writer is in favour of it being given, though it must be clean and frequently changed, and it is positively cruel to keep the hens cooped up in hot weather without water, as is too often done. The fowl and the pheasant both drink water freely when in their natural state, and why should anyone presume to go outside Nature in the treatment of a captive animal? The writer believes in keeping the young birds out in the rearing-field as long and as much as possible, and where it is practicable in drawing them gradually towards the woods they are intended to occupy later, and not moving them bag and baggage into a dark and often damp ride in a wood, where they for a time cease to grow. No doubt many otherwise healthy birds are lost through this treatment, and, moreover, pheasants which are allowed to roam the fields get much stronger on the wing from being more frequently disturbed, and on the day of shooting afford much better shots than those which have never used their wings except to reach the roost at night.

The photograph of the pheasantry is instructive, as showing a very good form of shelter at the bottom; this is made of

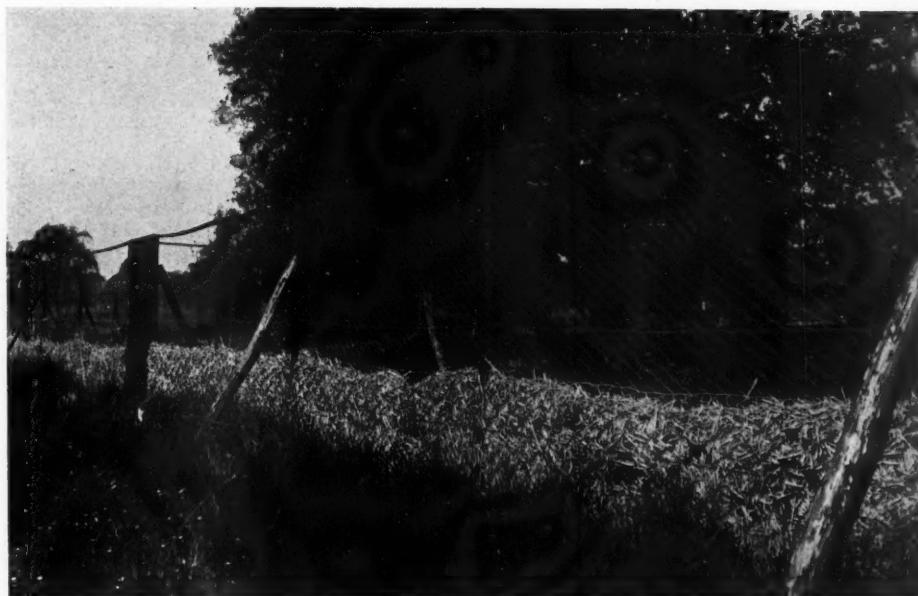


A LINE OF COOPS IN THE PARK.

rushes or flag cut from the river and enclosed between two lines of wire. It is much warmer than any form of boarding could be. At Glevering, as on many game estates now, a considerable number of wild duck are reared, and two photographs of young ones at the coops are shown, although the eggs are all from the nests of wild birds. It is found much better to rear them under a barndoorn hen than leave them to Nature; but they are expensive birds to rear, their capacity for meal being extraordinary, but when properly brought to the gun they afford great sport and are well worth what they cost. At the time of writing game prospects in the Eastern Counties are very good, but it is too early yet to give any forecast of how it may be later.

THE EFFECT OF THIS WEATHER ON YOUNG GROUSE.

THE young grouse are being very severely tried by the continued cold and wet, even where they have escaped the visitations of the actual disease. The keeper of a large and well-stocked Southern moor writes, under date June 21st: "I am sorry to say that I must give, if anything, a worse report of the grouse prospects than before. If it keeps on we shall have nothing but old birds and some of the strongest (and luckiest) of the young birds left. It is nothing but rain, day after day, and cold wind with it.



SHELTER AT BOTTOM OF NETTING.

moorlands of the grouse than in the midland, southern and eastern low grounds where the partridges chiefly live and nest. On the whole, there is no reason to apprehend much loss of the young birds.

DIFFERENCE OF PARTRIDGE CLUTCHES IN NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

There was a very noticeable difference this year, and a difference to which it does not seem at all easy to assign the true cause, between the clutches of partridges' eggs in Norfolk and those in the adjoining county of Suffolk. As a rule the conditions of the game in the Eastern Counties are practically the same over the whole of their area, but they were far from being so this year. The Norfolk nests, for the most part, held very good clutches, but in Suffolk they were much below the full average number. Perhaps one should guard against possible misconception in saying that conditions are practically the same in general over the Eastern Counties. Local thunderstorms are often very limited in the area of their effects, and last year's experience will be in the mind of every East Anglian shooter reminding him how a storm at hatching-time can drown virtually every young partridge in one parish, while in the next, beyond the limits covered by the downpour, the young birds are flourishing.

FEWER WILDFOWL NESTING ON THE BROADS.

It is said that during the hard weather of last winter there were more wildfowl on our eastern coasts generally than have come to us for a number of years past. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that the number of the wildfowl nesting on the Broads shows not only a gradual but a very

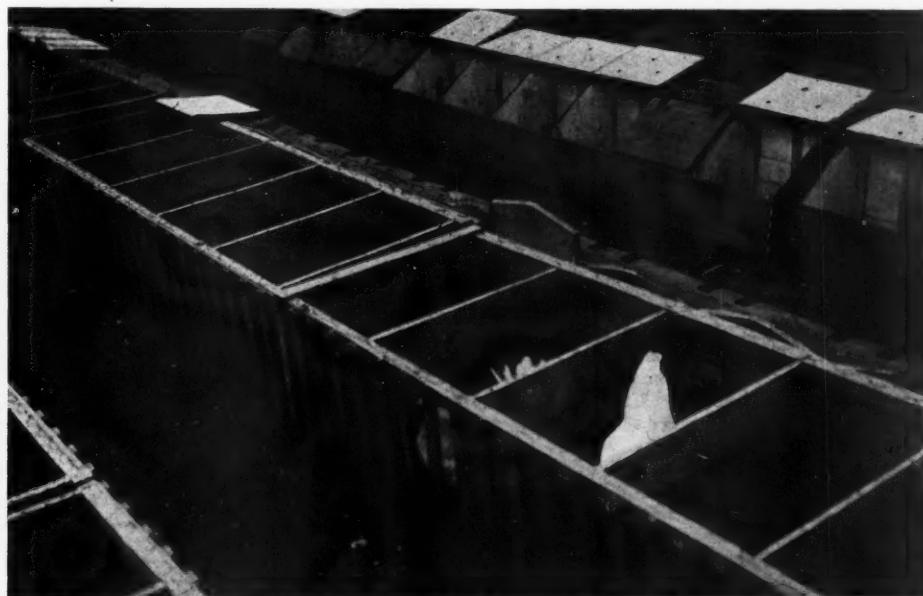


YOUNG HAND-REARED WILD DUCK.

Things are beginning to look serious for all the moors about here. I am glad to say that so far I do not see any sign of disease among our own birds and hope we shall escape that." It is a gloomy prospect, and where the disease is rife, the outlook, of course, is worse.

A BETTER PROSPECT FOR YOUNG PARTRIDGES.

The date of the letter from which the above melancholy words are extracted was a very crucial one for the hatching of partridges all over the country. It would, perhaps, be more precise to say that the two previous days were the more crucial as being the dates of the actual hatch out of most of the partridge chicks. From the 18th onwards the young birds were out or coming out (curiously enough, there were some very early broods this year), and so much at the mercy of the weather, which has not been very merciful. On the other hand, we doubt whether it has been of the kind that will have wrought them much damage. Its character has been a continuance of temperature below the normal, with a remarkable absence of sunshine and a prevalence of high winds. There has been a good deal of rain, but it has not been of the heavy lashing kind which fills all the holes and furrows and drowns so many young birds. Neither has the cold been so excessive of nights as to do them any great harm or prevent the appearance of the insect food on which the young birds depend largely at first. Probably the conditions have been more severe on the



HENS FROM SITTING-BOXES FEEDING IN RUNS.

pronounced decrease. Those who knew the district and the number of nesting mallard in it of old will tell you that they have "gone," and though this has to be accepted in the modified sense, since there are still what appear to the visitor who is new to the locality at this time of year to be a fair quantity, it may be taken to indicate a rate of something like 1,000 per cent. decrease; that is to say, that where there were ten nests there may now be one. A similar case as that of a very different bird, the redshank, which nests there in far fewer numbers than it used to. The reason is not very evident. Broad-

land is becoming more and more popular with visitors, but the visitor is not often there as early as the nesting-time of aquatic fowl. A

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]



FEEDING YOUNG WILD DUCK.

the facts are not so much to be regretted, and there is some reason to hope that it may be correct.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH the books of Mr. Bernard Shaw pour incessantly from the press, it is impossible to greet a new one without paying a little tribute of praise to the author. At this time of day it is unnecessary to rehearse the usual litany. Everybody knows all about his witticisms, his paradoxes, his politics and his prejudices. But the new point in regard to the volume which he calls *John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara: also How He Lied to Her Husband* (Constable), is that it shows how a great wit may become a greater bore. We do not refer to the plays. They, at least, are amusing, even to those who are most conscious of their shortcomings and who know that at the judgment seat of literature the fashion of the moment availeth not, and the fireworks are quenched. Happily for himself, Mr. Bernard Shaw is unaware that in the world of Human Nature there are realms magical and otherwise beyond the little island of which his personality is the centre. That is no blame to him. It is only the result of a self-centred temperament. If this has blinded his eyes, it has also enabled him to win the plaudits of those who like to see a race well run. Mr. Bernard Shaw has told us of the goal on which his youthful eyes were fixed, and he has pursued it with splendid resolution. In the midst of the laughter and buffoonery of former years he was still pressing on to his heart's desire, the position of a popular and successful playwright. The Englishman against whom he rails is at least always ready to recognise pluck and "bottom." No, it is not the plays but the prefaces that bore. "Good wine needs no bush," but over every cask Mr. Shaw has set an umbrageous tree—half-a-dozen trees over Major Barbara and thirty over the other island! And they are so heavy and dull that they tend to exclude the sunshine from the plays. He calls the dreary treatise prefixed to the first play a "Preface for Politicians," and here he uplifts his voice as an Irish Home Rule prophet inveighing against the iniquities of England. That would not have mattered if he had not been so frightfully prolix. Cursing prolonged to sixty pages becomes monotonous. Besides, when writing his most self-complacent nonsense, he occasionally has the misfortune to make us think. For instance, his sneer at "the mid-nineteenth century" suggests the enquiry who was who then and who now. The rôle of prophet, now assumed by Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, was then played by Carlyle and Ruskin, and our national critic was Matthew Arnold—but let us not follow our author's example of prolix digression. Mr. Shaw tries to establish the following thesis: "The Englishman is wholly at the mercy of his imagination, having no sense of reality to check it. The Irishman, with a far subtler and more fastidious imagination, has one eye always on things as they are." In argument he follows the comparative method, singling out as contrasts effective for his purpose Tom Moore and Rudyard Kipling, Wellington and Nelson. Mr. Shaw has more than a suspicion that this is a very weak method of reasoning; he is like a party

politician pretending to be statistical, but carefully selecting his figures. At any rate, he advances nothing worthy of refutation; the standpoint is provincial, or rather parochial, and the theme one for a village debating society. Imagination is very much talked of by Mr. Shaw and the neo-Gaels, but we have few examples of its exercise by great Irishmen. Lever, for whom Mr. Shaw professes much admiration, had none, and Moore not enough. The search carries us back to Dean Swift; but he in his own century was a great Irishman to many equally great English contemporaries. Mr. Shaw himself surely keeps his imagination well in abeyance when he affects to ignore the great and majestic part which England has played and is still playing in unfolding the destinies of the world. Irishmen who have shared in the task have stood clear of the windy rhetoric of the patriot. He tells us that Wellington's formula for theatricality was: "Sir, don't be a damned fool." Query: What would the Duke have said to the author if by chance he had been compelled to read this preface? Mr. Shaw is too intelligent not to be ashamed of his countrymen for following Parnell. "Supercilious," "aristocratic," "tongue-tied" are some of the adjectives hurled at him; yet his argument culminates in a proud boast that, unlike Englishmen, Irishmen are not to be deceived by illusions nor led by the charlatan. He has much to say about English stupidity, and this is by far the most cynical feature of the preface, since the most startling evidence of it is found in their taking his plays for literature and his paradoxes for philosophy. For the rest he commits himself to such extraordinary bits of criticism as the following: "That affectionate and admiring love of sentimental stupidity for its own sake, both in men and women, which shines so steadily through the novels of Thackeray, would hardly be possible in the works of an Irish novelist." He is confounding the stupid with the simple, and for once has stumbled by accident into a place where a dim view may be had of lands he has not explored and never can explore. However, this is enough about Mr. Shaw's preface to the first play in the book. That to the second play calls for no comment. The author, with a brevity worthier of Jonathan Swift (whose English he pretends to write) than is the dull and prolix sermon which introduces "John Bull," gives us some interesting particulars about the inception and production of the piece. More and still more weary politics preface Major Barbara under the title "First Aid to Critics." It is the promulgation of an Utopia which, unless England sets about realising, without doubt she shall perish everlasting.

There are two things that must be set right, or we shall perish, like Rome, of soul atrophy disguised as empire. The first is that the daily ceremony of dividing the wealth of the country among its inhabitants shall be so conducted that no crumb shall go to any able-bodied adults who are not producing by their personal exertions not only a full equivalent for what they take, but a surplus sufficient to provide for their superannuation and pay back the debt due for their nurture. The second is that the deliberate

infliction of malicious injuries which now goes on under the name of punishment be abandoned, so that the thief, the ruffian, the gambler and the beggar may, without inhumanity, be handed over to the law, and made to understand that a State which is too humane to punish will also be too thrifty to waste the life of honest men in watching or restraining dishonest ones.

He goes on to say that men should be treated as we treat stray dogs; that is to say, be put in a lethal chamber if they continue to "bark and bite and steal." Is this jest or earnest, sorry jest or still sorrier earnest? After much cogitation we have arrived at the conclusion that it must be the latter. Someone has said that Mr. Shaw always remains at the age of twenty, that he makes no advance, that his best work to-day is exactly the bright, irresponsible, audacious, immature pyrotechnics of an immensely clever boy just out of his teens. These prefaces dispel that illusion. Time was when Mr. Bernard Shaw, like Hal o' the Wynd, "fought for his ain hand," twanged his bowstring and shot his arrows all round, so that what he was really fighting for beyond his own fame, no one could say. But with the advance of years he has ranged himself as a political philosopher who expects to be taken seriously. Had this not been so he would never have dared to be so dull. After saying that, it is scarcely necessary to add that his prefaces have no value as elucidating the text—a preface written after the publication of a literary work seldom has. No one believes that Edgar Allan Poe's account of the composition of "The Raven" is true, and much doubt has been thrown on Coleridge's explanation of the conceiving of "Kubla Khan." If we may venture on a hypothesis, it is this: Mr. Shaw may possibly have begun each of his plays with a moral or political lesson in view, but he is a literary artist *malgré lui*. His plot, his characters and his dialogue ran away with him, and the moral vanished into thin air. But his theory differs so much from his practice that he felt compelled by his conscience to reinvent his motives. Hence these sermons. We trust that ere he publishes any more his admirers will have persuaded him to take away the bush and leave the wine to speak for itself.

THE LOVE-DISPLAY OF THE KING-BIRD OF PARADISE.

SIR WILLIAM INGRAM has enjoyed the almost unique opportunity of studying the love-display of the king-bird of Paradise, and records, briefly, the principal features of this truly remarkable exhibition in a recent issue of the *Ibis*. These observations were made on a captive bird during the summer of 1906; though as early as April attempts were made to perform the strange antics which make up the love-display of this beautiful species. Before proceeding to describe this we may remark that the king-bird of Paradise is a small bird, some 6½ in. long, having the head, throat and upper parts of the richest glossy crimson, shading to orange-crimson on the forehead. The under parts are of a silvery white, relieved by an orange-red throat bordered below by a band of metallic green, while the flank feathers are produced into long plumes, of an ash grey colour, and tipped with buff and metallic green. Finally, the two middle tail feathers are produced into long slender stalks, terminating in a wonderful disc of emerald green; the beak is yellow, and the legs are cobalt blue. During those ecstatic moments in which he proclaims his undying devotion to the bird he desires for his mate, the body is drawn close to the bough which serves as a perch, while the head is bent downward towards the breast, and the wings are spread and extended forward so as almost to meet in front of the downcast head, as though the performer were overwhelmed by a sudden panic of modesty! Suddenly all is changed; the body is extended to its full length, and the wings are violently beaten as though flight were contemplated. Then, in a moment, he gives himself a half turn and, facing the spectators, "fluffs" out the silvery white under-feathers like an apron, and throws up the long flank feathers till they form a fan arching above his back, and on either side of the gorgeously-tinted throat, the beak being now pointed skywards. Meanwhile, the tail has been drawn forward over the back, so that the long, wire-like and disc-bearing feathers are raised high above him. All the while the body is swayed gently from side to side, and this motion causes the disc-like ends of the long tail feathers to shimmer in the light, like balls of burnished metal being tossed to and fro in the air. As if these strange antics were not enough, he bursts into song, which bears a close resemblance to that of the skylark. "Then," says Sir William Ingram, "comes the finale, which lasts only for a few seconds. He suddenly turns right round and shows his back, the white fluffy feathers under the tail bristling in his excitement; he bends down on the perch in the attitude of a fighting cock, his widely-opened bill showing distinctly the light apple green colour of the gullet, and sings the same gurgling note without once closing his bill, and with a slow dying away movement of his tail and body. A single drawn-out note is then uttered, the tail and wires are lowered, and the dance and song are over."

This weird performance is sometimes varied by another, in which the body is suspended head downwards from the perch, looking like a crimson pear. This curious attitude is also accompanied by a song, but the long plumes are not displayed. The three principal phases in the wonderful performance have been most faithfully rendered by the pen of Mr. G. E. Lodge.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE EFFECT OF COPPER SULPHATE ON LAKES.

ANY enquiries have reached us as to the efficacy of solutions containing copper sulphate in cleansing sheets of water from scum, and we have pleasure in publishing below a brief *résumé* of experiments conducted in America, for the material for which we are indebted to Mr. T. Hacking, the Principal of the Countess of Warwick's Secondary and Agricultural School, Bigods Hall, Dunmow. In a future article we hope to give the opinions and experience of several leading landscape gardeners and fish culturists in this country, but at present express no opinion of our own as to the advisability of using this chemical. Mr. Hacking writes:

"In 1904 it was found that numbers of algae, including many of the species which cause the worst odours, were present in Lakes Clifton and Montebello, the Baltimore Waterworks. Copper sulphate in the proportion of about one part in 6,500,000 parts of water by weight was applied, after shutting off the water at the inlet and outlet, by suspending it in bags containing 75lb. at a time from the stern of a boat. The boat was rowed about in concentric circles about 50ft. apart at such a rate that by the time all the sulphate was dissolved the whole surface had been covered. The results of analyses of water taken showed a very great reduction of the algae at the end of the first 48hr. after treatment, and practically their complete elimination in 120hr. No trace of copper was found in the water 24hr. after application.

Though any plan will suffice which distributes the copper thoroughly, the one recommended and used by the American Department of Agriculture is as follows: Place the required number of pounds of copper sulphate in a coarse bag—gunny-sack or some equally loose mesh—and, attaching this to the stern of a row-boat near the surface of the water, row slowly back and forth over the reservoir, on each trip keeping the boat within 10ft. to 20ft. of the previous path. In this manner about 100lb. of copper sulphate can be distributed in one hour. By increasing the number of boats, and in the case of very deep reservoirs hanging two or three bags to each boat, the treatment of even a large reservoir may be accomplished in from four to six hours. It is necessary, of course, to reduce as much as possible the time required for applying the copper, so that for immense lakes with a capacity of several billion gallons it would probably be desirable to use a launch, carrying long projecting spars, to which could be attached bags each containing several hundred pounds of copper sulphate. In waters that have a comparatively high percentage of organic acid it is sometimes advisable to add a sufficient amount of lime or some alkali hydrate to precipitate the copper. The necessity for this will never occur in a limestone region, as in this case there will always be enough calcium hydrate or carbonate to cause that desired precipitation. The precipitation of copper does not mean the destruction of its toxicity, for experiments conducted in the laboratory have confirmed Rumm's results that the insoluble salts of copper, such as the hydrate, carbonate and phosphate, are toxic only if they are in contact with the cell, but are highly toxic in that case. In this connection it should be mentioned that Hedrick has described a method for controlling the growth of algal scum in lily ponds by the use of Bordeaux mixture, which seems to have been temporarily effective. However, the impracticability of using such a mixture for the destruction of microscopic algae distributed through a reservoir or a lake containing millions of gallons is apparent.

In 1904 the custodian of ornamental water at Springfield, Ill., reported that he had used 2lb. of copper sulphate in a pond containing about 2,000,000 gal. of water thickly planted with water-lilies and stocked with fish. The surface of the water was covered with 'brownish scum' (probably Spirogyra). A few hours after the application of the sulphate the scum disintegrated into a curdy precipitate which remained entangled about the stems of the water-lilies. After waiting several days for this to disappear, and observing no change, he drew off the water, and after cleaning the pond refilled it with fresh water. He has not noticed any growth of the scum since. Neither the water-lilies nor the fish were affected by the use of the sulphate. In another pond, with no water-lilies, but bordered with cat-tails and aquatic grasses, there was no scum, but a heavy growth of a 'stringy green moss.' He applied copper sulphate here in the strength at first of 1lb. to 1,000,000 gal. of water, and later

considerably stronger, but noticed no effect either on the moss or the cat-tails, and adds that before applying the copper sulphate it is necessary to determine accurately the volume of water to be treated. This is imperative in the case of municipal supplies and large reservoirs, as an error in the estimation might cause considerable inconvenience. Many cases will arise, however, in which a rough computation will be much more convenient and entirely practicable."

FROM THE FARMS.

SIX ACRES AND A COW.

MR. HAROLD E. MOORE, who invented the phrase "Back to the Land" as a title for one of his books, has written a little treatise called "Six Acres by Hand Labour." But he has not confined himself very rigidly to his subject, as may be guessed when it is related that sections are devoted to the disadvantages of cultivating small farms by horse labour, wheat-growing for small holders, and livestock generally. The fault of the book is its vagueness. It deals not with actual facts, but with estimates and probable profits. The small holder who took it on the assumption that out of six acres he could earn a profit of £49 per annum would probably be disillusioned at the end of the year. The worst of all these books is that they lay down general rules which cannot always be applied. The great point about securing success for a small holding is to have an intelligent eye for the local circumstances and market facilities. It is worth while glancing for a moment at Mr. Moore's summary of conclusions, which really contain the gist of his book. The first may be granted, namely, that it is essential that the small holder should have at the beginning some money and some experience of farmwork. The second one about the active man finding full employment during certain seasons of the year on his land is of very little consequence. It would very much depend upon the man and the land. The third is that a man possessing the necessary skill and commanding £60 of capital can obtain a living. This, again, depends entirely on the man, as there are more than farm knowledge and money necessary for success. The fourth is too vague to require comment, and the same criticism would apply to the fifth. The sixth is that the small holder may expect to have an average of fifty days available each year for auxiliary industries. That, too, depends upon the man and the holding. The seventh is vague, and the eighth a commonplace about co-operation.

THE DEPREDACTIONS OF RATS.

The United States Agricultural Department, which is always disposed to make a strong point of its statistics, has estimated the

waste which is occasioned annually throughout the world by rats to be 100,000,000 dol., or, roughly, £25,000,000. The rough and the round figures are perhaps those which are best employed in an estimate of this kind, and it is not too easy to see how even this sort of an approximation (if approximate estimate, and not haphazard guess, is the right term to apply to it) can be arrived at. The Agricultural Department may possibly be fairly accurately

informed as to what the rat is doing in New York, and conceivably in the United States generally; but it is a little difficult to know how the estimate is formed of the damage occasioned by it in, let us say, the interior of China. Taking the 100,000,000 dol. as the rats' annual contribution to the world's loss (by which is meant, no doubt, the loss of the human race), it ought to be easy, by adding the depredations of mice, sparrows and a few dozen injurious insects, to make up a total of waste in excess of the annual production.

HAYCOCKS IN BAD WEATHER.

When the glass is falling rapidly at the end of a day's work in the hayfield, the last hour cannot be more profitably employed than in making the hay into the large cocks which are familiar enough

objects in the North, but which are more rarely seen in the South. The labourer is a conservative workman, and it will probably take a peremptory order or two before such an innovation is accepted; still, the time spent both the night before and also that in spreading out the hay again next morning will be well repaid if in the meantime heavy rain has fallen. The conical top of a haycock will shoot most of the water, and the bulk of the hay will hardly suffer at all, while if the rain goes on the difference this practice will make in the final quality of the rick will be even more distinctly noticeable.

THE MAKING OF ENSILAGE.

In such uncertain weather as the present the farmer will, if he is wise, turn his thoughts to the making of ensilage. It is not this year a case of comparison between the respective merits of good hay and ensilage. The alternative is the latter, or very bad hay indeed. Ensilage is good feed; of that the cows have no doubt whatever. They turn greedily to it when in a condition that almost approaches that of manure. Moreover, it is not difficult to make at a pinch. The exclusion of air is the chief thing to be aimed at, and this end may be attained, to a large extent, without expensive masonry. A pit can be dug out on the side of a slope, and, when the pile has reached a sufficient height, planks may be laid on the top weighted with stones, and later on, when any heating that has taken place is over, a load of earth on top of all will keep most of the air out. The writer has even seen a rick made on level ground, and the pressure provided by ropes running into blocks fixed in the ground.

HOPS IN FIELD AND MARKET.

Some time ago the prospect for the hop crop was bad in the extreme, but we hear that the warmer weather of the second week of June improved the colour of the hop plant, and that it is now making good progress. The demand is quiet, but the prices are pretty well maintained at from 65s. to 95s. Messrs. W. H. and H. Le May, the well-known hop factors, say that the demand for English hops is fair, but adds that the import of foreign hops for the last month is very heavy, being 30 per cent. more than the corresponding month of last year. Very much will depend upon the weather of the next few weeks. Growers are hoping against hope that after all this cloud and moisture the sun will break out at last.

THE WOOL CLIP.

A well-informed writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has been expressing an opinion about the wool clip of the present year. He does not take a sanguine view of the outlook. In the first place, there has been a decided, if not very large, fall in price when compared with June, 1906. The difference amounts to little, but it is sufficient to throw a shadow over the flock-masters, coming as it does in the middle of a cold, wet summer that in no case was likely to promise well. The writer, after narrating how during the past

year Colonial cross-breds and corresponding English qualities have fallen sensibly, goes on to show that, Australasia having another glorious season, there is a prospect of the market being over-stocked. The one factor in favour of the flock-owner is the increasing consumption of wool. Manufacturers of tweed, however, complain that they cannot make a profit. The wool is still, in their eyes, very high priced, and it is said that in Yorkshire and elsewhere an imitation of tweed cloth is

being made in the factories out of poor and cheap material, and that this keeps down the price of the genuine article. As long as trade keeps good, nevertheless, there is sure to be a demand for tweed cloth, only some of the experts are beginning to say that the period of prosperity has reached its highest point, and that we may now begin to look for a decline in our trade. Again, it is said that in America a fashion has set in for finer fabrics than those made of English wool, and that tends to curtail the demand. Yet when all is said and done, the conclusion arrived at is not discouraging. It is that "even to-day's rates are practically double what they were in 1902, and, as sheep are fetching high prices, the outlook for the British flock-master must be described as good."



STIRRING THE SOIL BETWEEN THE HOPS.

JUNE IN TOWN.

I.—THE THREE-TEN AT KILBURN.

When in the prime and May Day time dead lovers went a-walking,
 How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy poet's talking!
 Here were green hills and daffodils and copses to contain them:
 Daisies for floors did front their doors agog for maids to chain them.
 So when the ray of rising day did pierce the eastern heaven
 Maids did arise to make the skies seem brighter far by seven.
 — Now here's a street where 'bus routes meet and 'twixt the wheels and paving
 Standeth a lout that doth hold out flowers not worth the having.
But see, but see! The clock marks three above the Kilburn Station,
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their generation.

What she shall wear who'll soon appear, it is not hood nor wimple,
 But by the powers there are no flowers so stately or so simple,
 And paper shops and full 'bus tops confront the sun so brightly
 That, come three ten, no lovers then had hearts that beat so lightly
 As ours, or loved more truly,
 Or found green shades or flowered glades to fit their loves more duly.
And see, and see! 'Tis ten past three above the Kilburn Station
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their generation.

II.—FOUR IN THE MORNING COURAGE.

The birds this morning wakened me so early it was hardly day:
 Ten sparrows in the lilac tree, a blackbird in the may,
 A starling somewhere in the mews, a song-thrush on a broken hat
 Down in the yard the grocers use, all cried: "Beware! Beware! The Cat!"
 I've never had the heart to rhyme this year; I've always wakened sad
 And late, if might be, so the time would be more short—but I was glad
 With a mad gladness in to-day that is the longest day in June.
(That blackbird's nesting in the may). For only yesterday at noon
 In the long grass of Holland Park I think—I think—I heard a lark. . . .
 I heard your voice: I saw your face, once more. . . . *(Upon that packing case*
The starling waked me ere the day aiping the thrush's sober tune.)

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD FOR THE BIRDS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—If Captain C. E. Radclyffe and others like him have their way they will soon destroy one of the greatest charms of the country—bird-life—and I am sure many readers of your beautiful paper will be horrified by the cruel suggestions of not only guns, but traps, for birds. What would a river be without its herons, water-ouzels, kingfishers, etc.? We could very much better spare the fish and the fishermen. But I am glad to think that many fishermen are real lovers of Nature, and enjoy their fishing all the more because their feathered friends share their sport a little and enliven the rivers, which would be dull indeed without them.—M. B. CARNEGIE.

THE ETON v. HARROW MATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The answer to your correspondent's letter in your issue of June 15th, *re* Eton v. Harrow, can only be that there must have been a printer's error in the card issued for the match in 1868. The question your correspondent raises was for ever settled by the small Etonian's answer to young Harrow when the latter asked him the question during the progress of the match. The Etonian's answer was that, as the "Gentlemen v. Players," was the title of their match, so Eton v. Harrow was the proper title for this match.—OLD ETONIAN.

VOYAGES ON SOME SCOTCH RIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the letter on this subject in your issue of June 22nd. I must admit that I had not expected to be taken quite seriously when I said that I believed myself to be the first in the last thousand years who had successfully navigated these rivers. But your correspondent Mr. Little is so very much in earnest that I am now almost tempted to lay claim to that extravagant distinction. When I speak of navigating a river, I clearly mean navigating the whole of it, from the highest possible point to the sea; but I see that Mr. Little's adventures began, so to speak, where mine ended, for by the time that we had reached Auldgirth in the one case and Hoddom Bridge in the other, any difficulties we may have had to encounter had long been left behind. It does not, therefore, surprise me, although it gratifies me exceedingly, to learn that Mr. Little "did not upset once the whole way

down." And I am glad to be able to share with him grateful memories of that short, placid, uneventful day which closed our voyage on the Nith.—BERTRAM SMITH, Beattock, N.B.

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S GERMAN HOME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Among the many places the English journalists, who made the recent tour in Germany, inspected, none was found more interesting by our party than the Friedrichshof Schloss, which is situated between Homburg and Frankfurt. This was the residence of the late Empress Frederick after her husband's death, and here she herself died. It was the first time that the castle had been shown to visitors, and it appealed to most of us more than any of the others we saw because it was laid out on purely English lines. The gardens are remarkable for their magnificent shrubs and plants. Inside there is a wonderful portrait of the late Empress by Von Angeli, and you may be interested to hear that the first volumes upon which my eye fell in the library were a bound set of COUNTRY LIFE. Outside three or four sturdy little boys were tearing up and down the gravel paths with miniature motor, consisting of a wooden box on wheels, exactly like those with which the gutter children in London dispel themselves. They were supervised by a smart young governess, who informed us that she came from Aberdeen. From the same source we learnt that the little boys whom we saw were the grandchildren of the Empress Frederick, being the sons of her daughter Princess Marguerite of Hesse Alt, to whom she bequeathed the castle.—C.

FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—With reference to your article in your issue of June 8th on forestry, can you tell me which would be the best way of studying this subject, and if it would be a paying profession to take up? I am asking you this for the following reason: At present I am in a good position in an office, but office life does not suit me, and I am anxious to get something to do out of doors. How long would it take to get a thorough education on the subject, and what position could I obtain supposing I was well up in forestry? Would you suggest this profession as a means of earning a livelihood, and could

anyone who was willing to work make a comfortable living out of it? If you could answer these questions for me and give me an idea as to what is to be made out of forestry, I should feel obliged.—ROBIN H. MEASURES.

[We should not suggest the giving up of a good position in an office in order to take up forestry, unless the age, ability and keenness of our correspondent enabled him to obtain his selection as a candidate for the Forest Department of India. In Great Britain there are few positions for a "forester." An overseer whose duties are limited to the management of woods only is seldom sought, except by an owner of 2,000 acres of woodland, and the demand for foresters is restricted accordingly. If our correspondent found "a comfortable living" in the work and wages of a woodman, certainly his desire for an open-air life would be fully satisfied, and it might be the wisest way of beginning the technical study of the profession in this country. Since it often takes many years of work as a pupil or in a subordinate position before an income of £100 a year is obtained, the pay is not high enough to justify spending much capital upon the scientific part of the education without carefully feeling one's way.—ED.]

AN AVENUE OF WILLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I beg to submit a photograph of what, I think, is an unusual avenue. Permit me to draw your attention to the fact that this avenue is between four and five miles long on one of those perfectly straight roads which are so typical of the Fen country.—S. A. CUTLACK.



THE "DICKENS" DIAL FROM GAD'S HILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When writing for your issue of June 8th on sundials, I was under the impression that the "Dickens" dial at Friar Park was the original one from Gad's Hill. It now appears that this is not so, as Messrs. Barker and Son of Sun-Dial House in the Clerkenwell Road claim—I believe quite correctly—to be the owners of the identical bit of the old Rochester Bridge balustrading which Dickens bought, and himself converted into a dial for his garden.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

FALCONRY IN MONGOLIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It chanced to be my lot last autumn to find myself in a little town in China between Nankow and Kalgan. The name is unwritable in English, and if I wrote it you would not be much wiser, because no map that I ever saw deems it worthy of mention. As I approached the city shortly before sunset, I saw a thing which, even after all the strange sights I have come across in my wanderings over the world, seemed to me to be very curious. I met two Mongolians tramping along the ragged scar on the face of the earth which did duty for a road. Each had a pole across his shoulders, and suspended to the ends of each of the poles were baskets, and round the rim of each basket perched a number of falcons. They were all hooded,

and on questioning the owners I found they were conveying the birds to Pekin to sell for the sport of hawking or falconry, which is still very popular in China. The subject was too rare and interesting to miss, and the copy of the photograph which I then made may, I venture to think, interest some of your readers. I learnt that young falcons would sell for about 15s. each. It is quite a common sight in the suburbs of North Chinese towns to see the sport going on, or the owners of the birds taking them out for an airing. If you trace the actual place where the photograph was taken, then look up Pekin, and go about seventy miles further inland towards Kalgan, far beyond where the Great Wall winds like a great centipede its interminable length over the land, you will not be far from where I was on September 26th of last year. The people were kindly, good-natured and gentle, but, as I have always found in North China, their houses were dirty and uncomfortable. I have long ago learned to take things as I find them, and while I can get a roof to cover my weary head I am thankful for the mercies which the black-whiskered grinning gods of this land send. I have even slept in temples at the feet of these same hideous gods, but found them very quiet and orderly, and they did nothing to disturb me. The town is walled, as are all towns in China, and he who reaches it after nightfall must either camp without the walls or bribe the sentry at the gate.—HERBERT G. PONTING.

OWLS AND PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A little while ago you did me the honour to put in COUNTRY LIFE a reproduction of a photograph which I sent you of a dovecote manufactured out of an oil-tub set on the stem of an old apple tree. Since I wrote to you the letter describing its construction it has been the scene of a rather interesting avine drama. One morning early the grooms saw two owls hooting and playing about the cote, and the pigeons in a state of commotion, and after that visitation for three or four days the pigeons would not enter the cote at all. The most that the boldest would do was to sit on the roof, but not one ventured within. On going up to the cote, which we feared the pigeons would desert altogether, we found several dead mice, both voles and the long-tailed field-mice, which the owls had carried up there; and, perhaps, it was our clearing these out which discouraged the owls from resorting to the place, and from using it as a storehouse any longer. After a day or two the pigeons returned, and are now using the cote as freely as before. One does not quite know whether they were so badly scared by the owls themselves or by the dead things which the owls left there, for though we know that owls will kill and eat young pigeons, it could hardly be expected that eight full-grown birds would be so badly frightened by a pair of owls as to leave their domicile altogether and camp miserably, as they did, on the roof of the house in the poor shelter of its chimneys. The owls seem now to have left them in peace.—EAST SUSSEX.



